

Leisure Soups
White Rastafarians

NATIONAL LAMPPOON®

LIFESTYLE

November, 1977

The Humor Magazine

\$1.25

IND
34490



A Guide to Medical Flea Markets
Famous Anus Chocolate Chip Cookies

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ONLY PIONEER
COULD INTRODUCE
A QUARTZ
PHASE LOCKED LOOP
TURNTABLE AND
CALL IT A BARGAIN.



QUARTZ SYNCHRO PULSE

PIONEER

THE PL 570. UNDER \$400.*

The average quartz phase locked loop turntable plays records virtually perfectly, has no audible wow or flutter, is unaffected by voltage changes, and manages to accomplish all this for slightly under \$800.

The new PL 570, on the other hand, has all the same features, but with one distinct advantage: it costs less than \$400.*

Which, you have to admit, is an awfully small price to pay for perfection.

MORE ACCURATE THAN A QUARTZ WATCH.

In brief, the PL 570 works by using a quartz crystal that oscillates 180 million times a minute as a timing mechanism. The speed of our direct-drive platter motor is then "locked" onto that rate of oscillation—and constantly adjusted to account for things like heat, line voltage variations, and even the weight of the record on the platter.

The benefit of all this is simple: the PL 570 can run virtually forever with no variation in speed. In fact, it's so accurate, special measurements are needed to fully describe it. Something called "time drift" is a mere 0.0003%. A figure unsurpassed by the finest quartz watch that gains or loses up to ten seconds a month. And "thermal drift" is 0.00004%. Which means that while we can't guarantee just how well the PL 570 will play in your freezer, normal room and operating temperature variations shouldn't affect it at all.

In more mundane measurements, wow and flutter is 0.025%. Four times under what the human ear can hear. And even with the quartz phase locked loop off, the turntable speed is unaffected with stylus pressure of up to 120 grams. Which, by no small coincidence, is about 119 grams more than you'll ever apply.

FOR THIS KIND OF MONEY YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TO LIFT THE TONE ARM.

Unlike any other quartz phase locked loop turntable, the PL 570 is automatic. So

you're spared the burden of lifting our tone arm. But this isn't your average tone arm return system. Or your average tone arm, for that matter.

Where most automatic turntables use one motor for both the platter and tone arm, the PL 570 has a separate motor for each. Which means that the action of the tone arm motor never interferes with the accuracy of the platter motor. And where most tone arms sense when to return by using cams and gears that lessen sensitivity and cause vibration, the PL 570 uses a light emitting diode that does neither.

Then there's the tone arm itself. It's fully adjustable. You can even set the vertical tracking angle of your cartridge with a height adjustment lever. And the whole unit is mounted in a ¼ inch aluminum frame that not only looks nice, but helps your records sound nice by removing unwanted resonance.



The heart of the PL 570: a quartz crystal.

OTHER FEATURES NOT USUALLY FOUND ON "BARGAIN" TURNTABLES.

When we set out to build the PL 570, we wanted it to be a lower cost quartz phase locked loop turntable. Not lower quality.

So like the quartz turntables that sell for hundreds of dollars more, the PL 570 features an electric strobe circuit that eliminates normal voltage frequency variations so you can adjust the PL 570 perfectly. Plus a "quick down" circuit that lets you go from 45 to 33⅓ almost instantly. And one piece monocoque construction that cuts howling caused by vibration.

At Pioneer, we've become number one today with people who care about music simply because we've always managed to take state of the art technology, and offer it with some consideration of the state of your wallet.

If the PL 570 is any indication, it looks like we're getting better at it all the time.

High Fidelity Components
PIONEER
WE BRING IT BACK ALIVE

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*The value shown in this ad is for informational purposes only. Actual resale prices will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.



QUARTZ SYNCHRO PULSE

PIONEER



Real discovers the way to keep natural taste in. Artificial out.

The difference in low tar Real is 'nothing artificial added.' Real's flavor is natural. All natural.

All other major brands enhance their flavor artificially. Real does not. It doesn't need to. All that great taste and flavor in Real is natural.

That includes the menthol in Real Menthol, of course. It is fresh, natural. Not synthetic.

You get a rich, satisfying smoke. Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste. Discover the difference yourself. Taste Real...smoke natural.

Low tar Real is the natural cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Four For A
Quarter



NATIONAL LAMPOON

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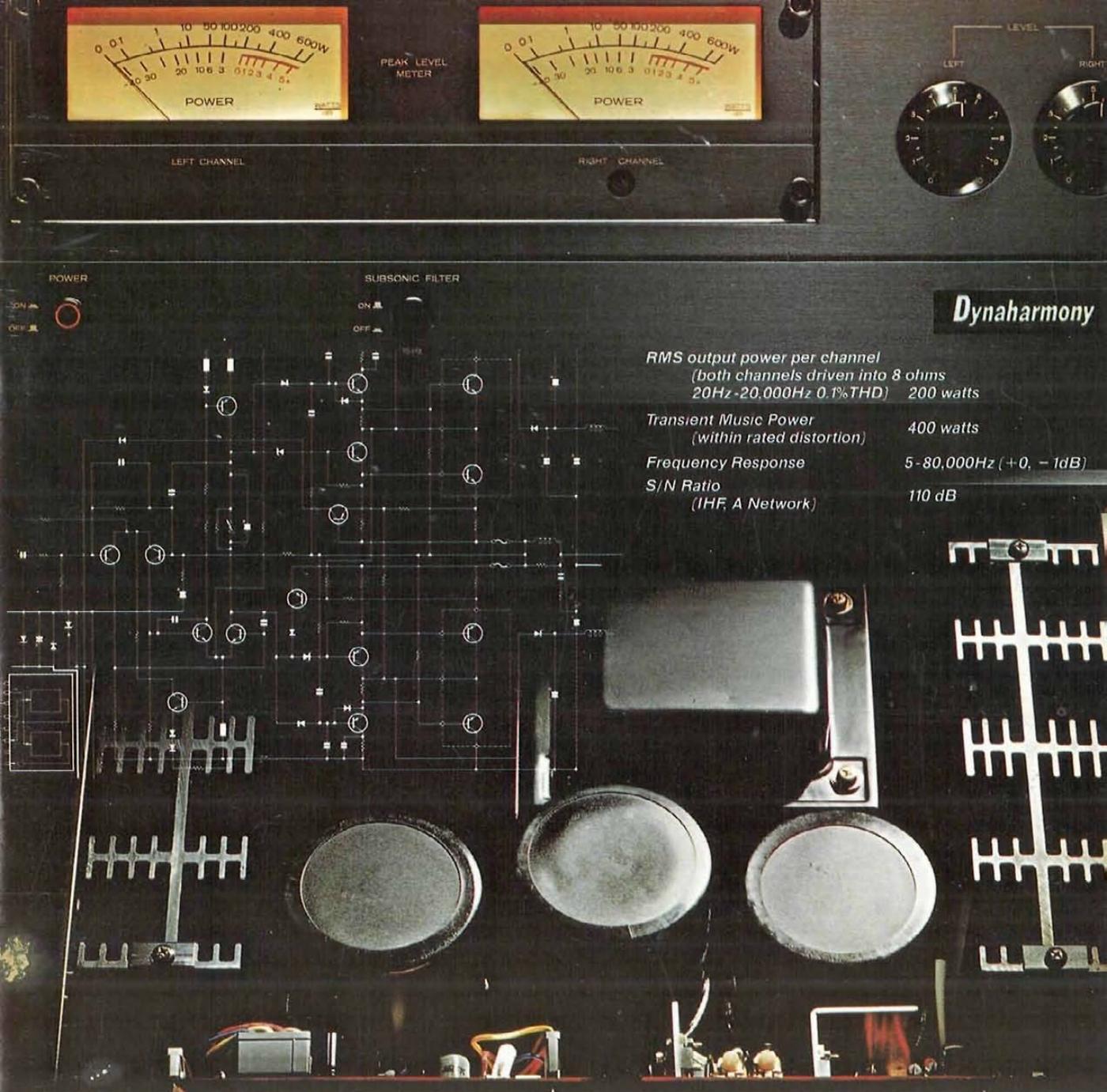
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*RMS output power per channel
(both channels driven into 8 ohms
20Hz-20,000Hz 0.1% THD)* 200 watts

*Transient Music Power
(within rated distortion)* 400 watts

Frequency Response 5-80,000Hz (+0, -1dB)

*S/N Ratio
(IHF, A Network)* 110 dB

Extra Power with Improved Efficiency

Hitachi's Class G

Hitachi's Class G is one of the most incredible cost/performance amplifiers ever created.

It is about three times as efficient as the conventional Class B amplifier. And it looks as sophisticated as it sounds.

Simply expressed, Class G is two amps in one. During the musical "downs" and "averages" the primary amp works on the low-voltage amplifier. But let one of those musical peaks come along and the standby

high-voltage amplifier cuts in for clear, powerful sound without clipping distortion.

Technically the standby amp consists of additional power transistors which are activated only when the signal peak demands it. But practically it means we can offer more usable power at a lower price.

Or in other words you're not only getting a little extra, you're getting about twice the amplification for the price of one amplifier.



HITACHI
When a company cares,
it shows.

Page 37

A Guide to the Best Medical Flea Market: The Hot New Way to Beat the EstablishmentBy *Gerry Sussman*

Sussman, an expert flea bargainer, picks the best low-priced fairly good doctors in New York.

Page 41

The Hot New Wines of California vs. the Big Names from France: A Blind TastingBy *Gerald Sussman*

Did you know that California produces some really fine wines? As good as France. Maybe better. Our intrepid panel reexamines this oenological heresy for the nine hundredth time with...surprising results.

Page 44

Getting Into Supercycle: The Hot New Megatruth That Can Help You Make It BigBy *Jeff Greenfield*

Beyond biorhythm, beyond alpha waves, beyond anything, is the essential truth of Supercycle, the shattering discovery of two psychosociologists that will give you any trip you want.

Page 46

High-Rise Apartment Farming: Bringing the Outdoor Lifestyle IndoorsBy *Jess Korman*

You can have your corn and eat it, say Yale and Betsy Bergh. And to prove it, this high-chic young couple started a thriving farm in their apartment.

Page 48

Air Trekking: The Colorado Way of LifeBy *Todd Carroll*

On the quest for the ultimate high, where every rush (or gust, as it is called) becomes more profound—until the one so Big, so Natural, so Pure, it...it...see for yourself.

Page 50

The National Lampoon Magazine Negro Olympics: Eight Experts Select the Best Negroes in New YorkBy *Gerald Sussman*

A classic taste-off (remember our "Ten Best Jews"?). The judges rejected some popular favorites and handed the prize to...Robert Blake (no, we're only kidding!).

Page 52

No Chevy Jokes, Please... This Chevy Is Heading Full Throttle to StardomBy *Gerry Sussman*

America's hottest new comedian-actor-writer shuttles between three coasts, showing us a boyish toughness, a cocky vulnerability, and the world's strangest tattoo.

Page 54

Busting Out of Suburbia: How One Family Threw It All Away and Got Back to BasicsBy *Danny Abelson*

Gerry Greene said good-bye to the affluent life in Westchester and took his family to the Isle of Rock in the Orkneys. Mr. Abelson examines the hidden despair behind their trials and tribulations, sorrows and setbacks.

Page 56

Orgasmic Backlash: The Pain and Suffering of the OverstimulatedBy *John Hughes*

The latest in sexual chic: orgasmic backlash patients in the crash treatment program started by Dr. Herbert Ross.

Page 58

The Last No Kidding Absolutely Final Ultimate Chili Recipe, PeriodBy *Ellis Weiner*

As this article went to press, President Carter signed a bill prohibiting the publication of any more chili articles for ten years. This may be the last one you ever read.

Page 62

We Are What We Eat: The Hot New Ethnic Foods Around the U.S.By *Ellis Weiner*Ordinary ethnic food is...ordinary compared to *chrez*, *tompinchon*, *khlukh*, and, say, a glass of *cono*.

Page 64

Energizing the Inner You: Mental Fitness and Personality Tone-Up ExercisesBy *Todd Carroll*

Noted fitness expert Todd Carroll has devised seven body exercises that will make you a far more trendy, chic, and definitively now person.

Page 66

The New Immortality: Chemical Food Preservatives Can Preserve You!By *John Hughes*

Propylene glycol, BHA, BHT, and hundreds of other fancy-sounding chemicals are now performing miracles on humans. Soon the FDA will ban all regular foods, and we'll just eat chemicals and stay young forever.

Page 73

The Beautiful People in Middle America: A Menopausal Change of LifestylesBy *Robert L. Green*

Trendy shmendy, it's Middle America for our beloved Beautiful People from now on.

Page 76

Eskimo Chic: The Hot New Cold LookBy *John Hughes*

It's here—the complete package—everything from harpoons and blubber to bird skin blouses.

Page 78

Pop Goes the Weasel: "If I Forget Thee, O Tupelo"By *Eli Weasel*

Our pop music critic examines the death of Elvis, and goes through nine lifetimes of emotional upheaval within the space of one lunch with a seven-foot Negress.

Page 89

White Rastafarians: The Hot New Chicago LifestyleBy *Peter Kaminsky*

Mr. Kaminsky probes deep into the land of Wonder Bread and discovers that there's more to Chicago than Hugh Hefner, pet swapping, and inferiority complexes.

MISCELLANYPage 4: **Letters**Page 8: **Editorial**Page 16: **Ripping off the Lid**Page 21: **The National**Page 81: **Fat Chances**Page 84: **World's Most Important Crossword**Page 84: **Silly Clever Magazine Competition**Page 87: **Classified Lifestyles**Page 93: **Funny Pages**Page 105: **True Section**Page 111: **The Carter Family**

Cover: Photograph by Phil Koenig. Equipment courtesy of Paragon Sporting Goods.

"It takes Two Fingers and one glass to turn strangers into friends."

Two Fingers was never one to pass up making a new friend—be it man or woman.

"After all, my business is selling Two Fingers Tequila," he often told customers.

Two Fingers and his tequila made a lot of friends in the 30's.

Sometimes, our sources say, he got too friendly for the likes of Honey, the woman who always accompanied him north of the border.

We could never pin the story down for sure about how Two Fingers lost those fingers. But Honey was known to wink and say she whacked them off one night "after he was out carousing."

Of course, Two Fingers is reported to have said just the opposite about their relationship.

"I take her along to keep an eye on her," he grinned to a Flagstaff hotel man.

Whatever the case, they had a lot of time to keep track of each other on the dozens of trips Two Fingers made throughout the mid and late 30's.

The only trouble is, nobody seems to know what happened to them after 1939.

Two Fingers just stopped, coming north. Maybe he moved to South America. A cafe owner in Yuma told us Two Fingers often joked about owning some land there.

"Maybe I'll show the South Americans what they're missing. Like making fine tequila."

It's hard to say where he disappeared to. The one good thing is that Two Fingers Tequila is still making plenty of friends today.



©1977. Imported and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, IL, San Francisco, CA Tequila. 80 Proof. Product of Mexico.

EDITORIAL

We owe you an explanation about this issue. There are times when even the best and the brightest magazines run out of material—when the cupboard is bare, when the editorial “sandwich” is thinner than a slice of cucumber at a Japanese restaurant. That’s what happened to us when we planned the November issue. We just couldn’t come up with any decent ideas, and time was running out. So we had to take emergency action. We had to go to the Magazine Warehouse Auction.

The Magazine Warehouse Auction, or MWA, as we call it, is supposed to be a trade secret. But it’s become common knowledge in publishing circles that all the magazines, even the biggies, resort to the MWA when they’re short of material. The MWA is a clearinghouse, a pool of articles, pictures, illustrations, and miscellany that were bought by magazines around the country, but were never published for one reason or another. When a magazine has a piece in its files for a long time and simply can’t find a place for it, they give it to the MWA, which then auctions it off to the highest bidder and splits the price, fifty-fifty, with the donor.

Once a week, in a small but elegantly furnished room at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, you’ll see a couple of dozen of the top magazine editors in New York examining a batch of MWA material, looking for a possible gem culled from someone else’s limbo

file. Usually, there’s a lot of stuff no one wants anymore—old JFK pieces, plant care articles, death of rock and roll pieces, outdated Farrah Fawcett things, etc. But if you’re lucky, you can find a piece that can be revised, sharpened, and hyped up to look like new.

In our case, we had to use the MWA for the entire November issue. We discovered that the so-called “lifestyle” magazines, especially *New York*, had the most material available for auction. We ended up buying seventeen articles from them, and it turned out to be a real score. The pieces cost us only \$600 in all, and don’t forget that their original prices were far more. These articles were written by some of the best writers in the business, writers whose names grace the pages of *Rolling Stone*, *Playboy*, *Esquire*, and the *Village Voice*, real pros who we would never ordinarily get and couldn’t afford (we can’t reveal their names because there’s a law against doing it with MWA material). These are original, unused pieces—never published before. In order to protect the real writers, we used the names of our own staff and some freelance contributors. You’ll probably recognize who the real writers are. Even if you don’t, you’ll know you’re reading high caliber stuff. So actually, we have nothing to be ashamed of. We just thought you should know how it all happened.

Gerald Sussman

"...the Sansui tradition: solid, well thought-out...performance right up there with the best... a fine value..."

HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE*

If you're not yet convinced that Sansui receivers stand in a class by themselves, we'll try a different approach. Read what the editors say. After all, they're the experts.

"Here is yet another receiver in what we have come to think of as the Sansui tradition: solid, well thought-out...delivering performance right up there with the best...."

"Some 'extras' are immediately apparent when you lay an inquiring finger on the controls. The tone knobs are stepped...and include a MIDRANGE as well as the usual BASS and TREBLE...two phono inputs...mono mike input with its own mixing level control...There also is output-power metering...One special feature of the 7070 is its provision for outboard decoding of Dolby** FM broadcasts.

"The amplifier section is rated at 18dBW (60 watts) per channel and actually will pump out 1/2dB (10 watts) more before exceeding the distortion rating at any audio frequency. More impressive, harmonic distortion is far below Sansui's 0.3% rating at all tested power levels.... Intermodulation too is low...."

"...if your expectations are high, there's very little about the 7070 that we think might disappoint you. Feel and finish of the parts is excellent, as we have come to expect of Sansui. The capable amplifier section has enough power for use with two pairs of speakers...the tuner section is among the best; the ancillary functions...are comprehensive and efficient. All in all, a fine value for the money."

See your local franchised Sansui dealer for a demonstration of the beautifully styled 7070, one of the only mid-powered receivers that offers twin power meters. You'll find that the experts are right. Musical quality is excellent and a finer value can't be found. It is what you've come to expect from Sansui.

A whole new world of musical pleasure.

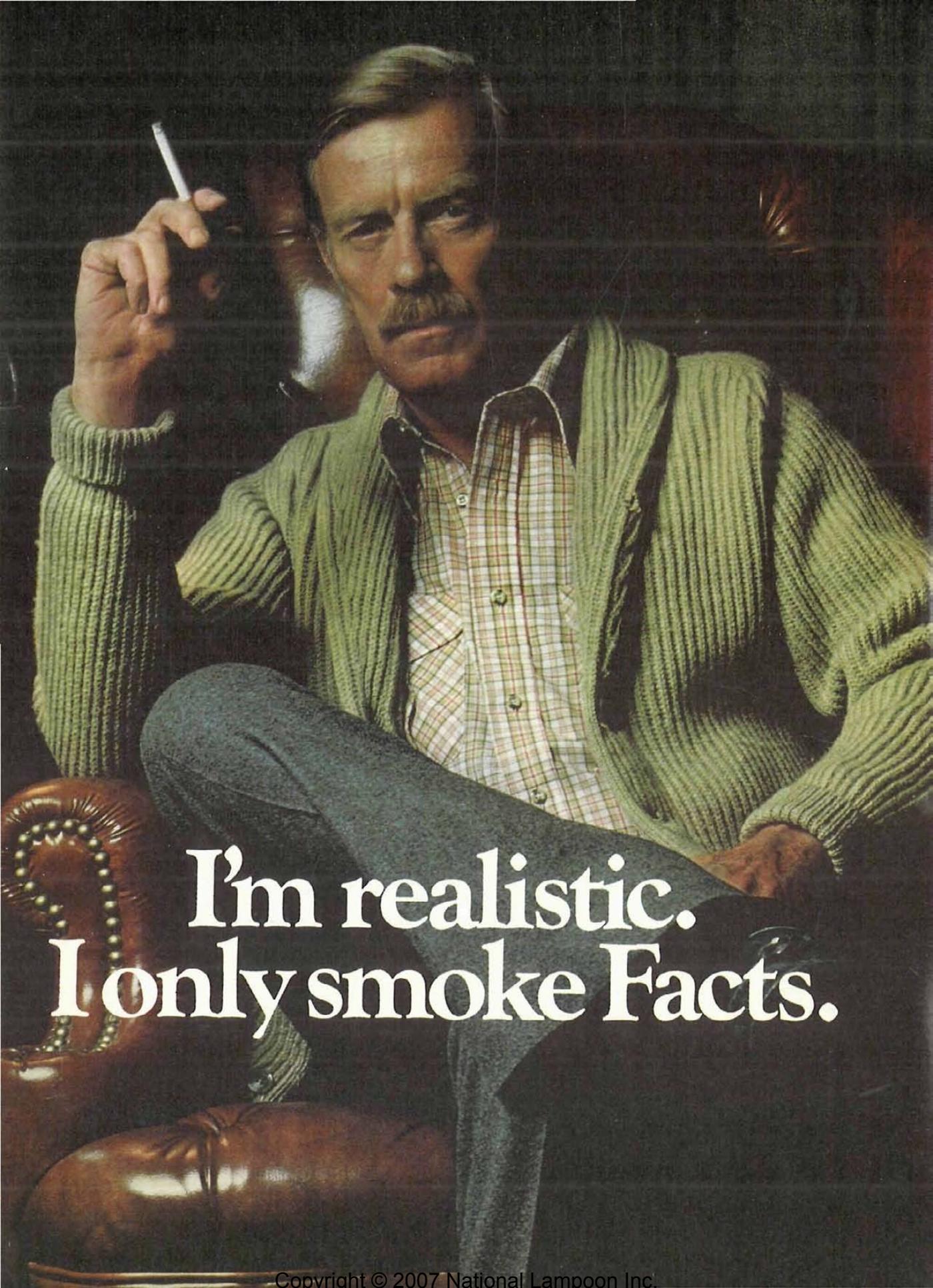
*High Fidelity Magazine, Dec. '76 **Trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc. Simulated woodgrain cabinet.

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.

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I'm realistic.
I only smoke Facts.

FACT 1: We don't want your taste buds to go to sleep.

We believe there are elements in cigarette smoke that muddy the taste of fine tobaccos. They're called aldehydes.* And FACT reduces these aldehydes so you can enjoy wide-awake flavor instead.

FACT 2: We have smoke scrubbers in our filter.

We believe this is a unique way of getting at tobacco flavor. As the smoke passes through the filter, these Purite[®] scrubbers work like magnets to reduce these aldehydes, while letting the good tobacco flavor come through.

FACT 3: A patent on flavor in low 'tar' cigarettes: #3828800.

Low 'tar' (8 mg.) FACT has great full flavor. And we get that flavor in a way so new we've been able to patent it. It's our Purite filter that reduces the aldehydes—those harsh-tasting gases that muddy the flavor of real tobaccos.

Add it up. Great tobacco flavor. Only 8 mg. 'tar'. A patented filter that selectively screens gases. Once you've got the facts, you'll get the FACTS.

*Formaldehyde, Crotonaldehyde, Acrolein.



Available in regular and menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

INTRODUCING THE SHARP EYE.™



IT ENDS THE HIT AND MISS METHOD OF FINDING SONGS ON TAPE.

The *Sharp Eye* is an electronic advance developed by Sharp Laboratories. It can automatically find each music selection on an audio tape and play it.

It's many times faster and easier than the manual, imprecise method you have to put up with on other equipment.

As for how it works, in simple terms it "reads" the short pause, or absence of sound, *between* songs on the tape.

So if you're in the middle of one song and want to go to the next, just hit the *Sharp Eye* but-

ton. The machine automatically races Fast-Forward to the next pause and then automatically plays the next song.

If you want to hear any selection over again, it works the same way but in reverse.

The *Sharp Eye* is an exclusive feature on most Sharp Audio Products including the SG 181, above.

This AM/FM stereo music system with front loading cassette deck also boasts a full-size automatic record changer with cue controls and diamond stylus.

Automatic Level Control, twin VU Meters, and the most advanced circuitry design available today.

See your Sharp dealer for an exciting demonstration. And while you're at it, take a look at the whole Sharp audio line.

They all give you the finest, high-fidelity sound you'll find in their price range. As for the *Sharp Eye*, you won't find that on any other equipment at any price.

THE SHARP EYE
IS QUICKER THAN THE HAND.

SHARP

LETTERS

continued from page 4

computer punning, write to:

I.B.M.
Armonk, N.Y.

Sirs:

Can you overdose on come? A friend of mine needs to know.

Barry Manilow
Queens, New York

Sirs:

Love that squirt!

Elton John
Queens, England

Sirs:

My boyfriend turned me on to this new drug called anal nitrate. It's really far out, sort of. Except it kind of hurts.

Dorothy Dietpill
Planet Suburbia

Sirs:

My favorite fantasy, now that you ask, is one in which I enter my office, only to find Barbara Walters, naked, gagged, and spread-eagled upon my desk. Locking the door, I undress very slowly. And then, savoring her speechless, wide-eyed terror, I proceed quite deliberately to read the evening's news to her until she loses consciousness.

Harry Reasoner
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

My first issue of *National Lampoon* came in the mail yesterday—and it took the postman half an hour to clean out his bag.

Andy Hardy
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

If those starving gook beggars on other continents think they've got it tough, they oughta try taking eighteen hours with two five-hour chem labs—and toss in a case of herpes caught from some loose bitch.

Brad Stud
Dullnormal, Ill.

Sirs:

I have a question about sexual etiquette for the swingin' seventies, and I wonder if you could make like Harry Reems and, you know, fill me in. What I want to know is: when a girl gives a fella a hand job, who should provide the hanky? My most recent sexual partner says the government should, but he's a Commie and also unemployed.

Edna Fingers
Los Angeles, Calif.

Get it together with Arandas.

When it's fun-and-games time, Arandas Tequila really gets it together. With juice. With tonic. With you-name-it. And now with a new booklet. It's full of fun games and fun Tequila recipes, and it's yours for the asking. Just send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

And try The Arandas Salty Dog. Pour 1 1/2 oz. Arandas Tequila (white or Oro) and 4 oz. grapefruit juice over ice in a salt-rimmed glass. Stir.

The tequila that can.

80 Proof. True Tequila. Imported by Maldonado Wine & Spirits Inc. 116 No. Robertson Blvd. Los Angeles, California 90048



CB.

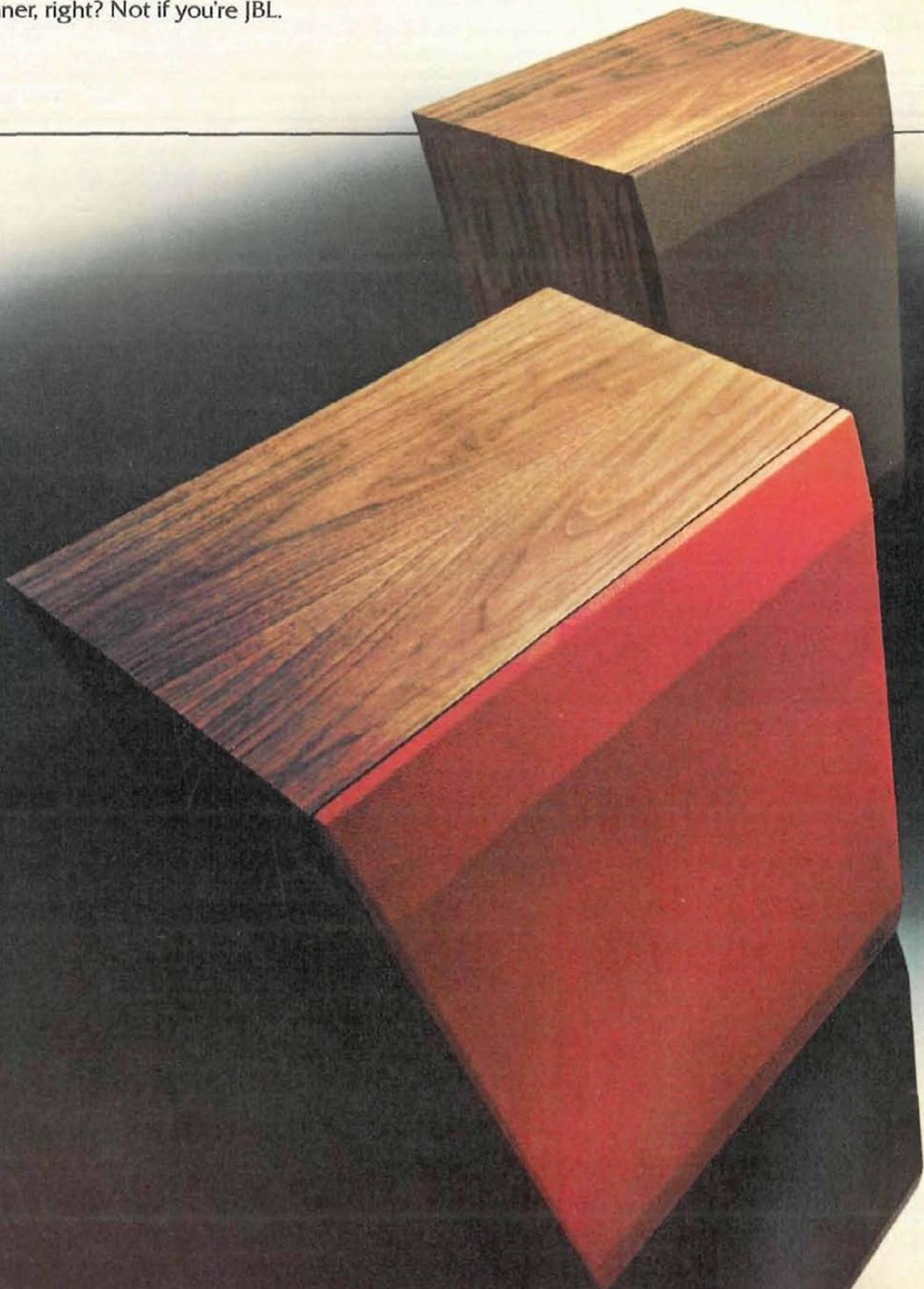
THE LOUDSPEAKER WITH A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW: JBL'S NEW L40.

For the past 2½ years, we've been making a two-way bookshelf loudspeaker called the L26. The critics loved it. The dealers loved it. The customers loved it. 250,000 times to be exact.

The smart thing to do would've been to just keep cranking out those L26's for the next hundred years. Never change a winner, right? Not if you're JBL.

Meet JBL's brand new L40. It's the best \$200 two-way loudspeaker you can buy. Here's why:

The L40 has tremendous power handling capability. Don't let its size fool you. It'll play right up there with loudspeakers twice its size.



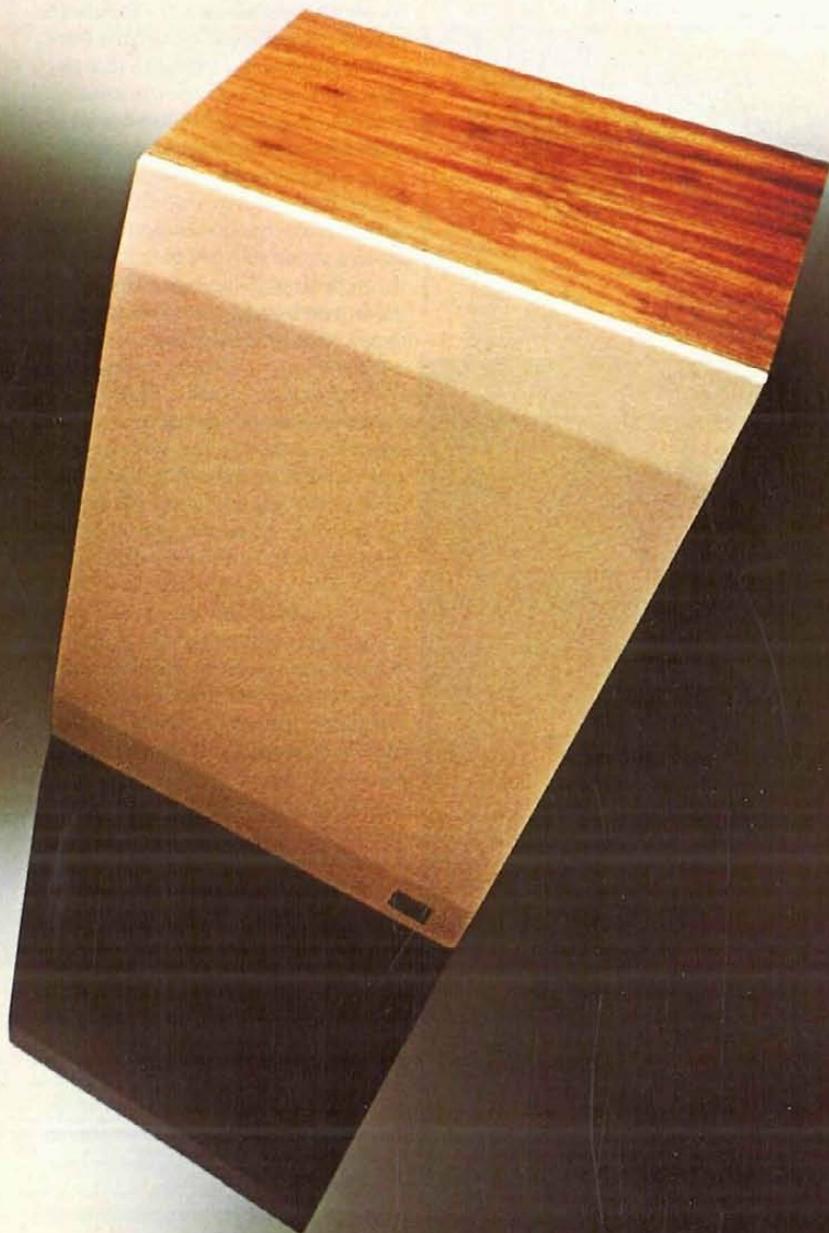
Every sound is clean and clear. Listen to the snap of a rimshot, the crash of a cymbal. Pure. Accurate. Perfectly defined. (If you'd like the technical information on the L40, write us and we'll send you an engineering staff report. Nothing fancy except the specs.)

Go listen to the L40. And ask for it by its first name: JBL. You'll be getting the same craftsmanship, the same components, the same sound heard in the very top recording studios in the world.

If you've been thinking about getting into high performance high fidelity, we know a great place to start: JBL's new L40. It's a whole lot of JBL for not a whole lot of money.



Ranked by the number of Top Fifty albums they produced last year, seven of the ten leading recording studios in the world used JBL to record or mix their music. They used our sound to make theirs. Source: Recording Institute of America.



GET IT ALL.

James B. Lansing Sound Inc., 8500 Balboa Blvd., Northridge, Calif. 91329. High fidelity loudspeakers from \$207 to \$35

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RIPPING OFF THE LID



BY SHEVYA BIRDOFF

Editor's Note: Mr. Birdoff was born and educated in Russia, the only son of a one-time industrialist. A produce consultant by trade, he has become the object of worldwide attention by virtue of his outspoken criticism of the Soviet government and its policies. He was recently convicted by a high court of "whining without grounds and illegally undermining the Party," and "partying illegally without wine in an underground mine." He and his wife emigrated to America in Febru-

ary of this year. He now works as an investigative reporter.

This Month: Mass Transportation

Hello once more from all of me to you and yours! I proclaim with commendable enthusiasm which is not false that I am eager to once again apply the tools of investigation and journalism to this life-that-we-live, and extend into your smiling and attentive faces this hand of welcome.

I anticipate your queries. "What have you decided to investigate and journalize for us this month, dear Shevya, who is our friend unlike some writers I could name?" The answer, without any further to-do, is nothing less than: transportation for one and all, or, as the cutthroats of my formerly-native land of Russia call it, *mass transportation*. If this very term makes you giddy with the desire to regurgitate, I do not wonder. Let us delve into this on-the-surface mild term *mass*, and see what it is concerned about.

Mass is a prayer assembly for the Catholic Church. This I know both because of my extreme love for Amer-

ica and her people and thanks to the lovely young lady who so graciously I have hired to teach me English. (This will enable me to communicate with you even more and better, dear reader, and I crave nothing less than such a thing.) Is mass transportation those means of transport that Catholics take to and from mass, then? No, and do not ever ask such a question.

Mass is a term in classical physics denoting something to do with weight and physical heaviness. Do we therefore mean by mass transportation that means by which an object-that-is-heavy is transported from locale to locale? Pish tush, such an assertion is intense in stupidity.

No, let me declare here and now that mass transportation is the means by which great masses of persons are moved from place to place in a transportatory manner. I refer in this instance not to the manner in which screaming hordes of blood-crazed revolutionaries swarm around, for example, a city square in an insane dance of social disruption. I do not either refer to the motions created when a squad of horsemen tramples through one's village, city, or one's father's iron mongeries and rudely chops off this head or that. Let us recall that order is History's way of walking down the street. Revolution, however, is an errant bus that careens onto the otherwise placid sidewalk and smashes everybody's wife and child in the face. All men of sense know this to be true and the end of the discussion of it, period.

If a person in society will but look up from his newspaper and bother to listen to the all-news radio stations of his town or sector, he will see that mass transportation is a thing of some discussion in these times of modernity. The question, as always, is to be answered: why is the mass transportation in the larger metropolitan areas of America so dismally not as good as it should be? And what is it, therefore? Bad? Or, worse, worse? Is this good or bad? Is it worse, or getting better? No one can answer any questions while his mouth is full of homilies about the poor and their nonownership of money and wealth, however. If you say to me, "But friend Shevya, how am I to transport myself and my loved ones from point A to point B in the most economical fashion?" I must say to you: "In the best way." But what is this best way?

Is it to enstuff hundreds of citizens and fellow travelers into railroad-like

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containers to be shipped noisily from place to place under the ground? Is it to be forced to stand in a wearisome manner along a line of similar abject ones in an omnibus or tram, subject to the whim and rudenesses of a vehicle driver who stops here and there like some capricious bumbling bee who flits from blossom to blossom in his endless search for nectar of the pods? Is it to stand on a moving staircase like a can of beets awaiting the label's harsh kiss in a factory-type situation? Have you thought about this?

I assure you that, commensurate with my appointed task in earning my living, I have. I have realized with insight that this so-called mass transportation or "mass transit" is a sly scheme to enslave all mankind. Please form a mental picture of this vile scenario as promulgated by the advocates of these busses and trolleys and trams and subway undergrounds. "We shall force all persons to ride like vegetables, in cans," they surely think and chuckle to themselves and each other's selves over their fine wines and beefsteaks. "Then, soon, all persons will find it desirable to think like vegetables, and then we shall take control of the world and own everything, which is what we have always wanted!"

No, dear reader, this business of mass transport is no mere idle red herring or white elephant of the imagination. Let your reporter state with admirable decisiveness that the best way to transport the self from place to place is in a way that individuals can utilize while still being individuals and not a piece of green beans. I refer to the automobile. I refer to the feet. I refer to the bicycle. I refer to any means of transit that assures each person his or her sovereignty, free from this gross and horrible mass means that makes me physically and philosophically ill in the contemplation of it.

One particular colleague of mine here at this periodical once said in a fit of insightful vehemence: "I hate mass transit." To him I say: Shevya is your comrade in this hate. Come, reader! Let us all hate mass transit! Let us continue to be individuals, and not canned vegetables! Ah! I am happy now! I have told truth once more! I love you, typewriter! Let you, and I, and the reader, too, continue to be Americans as we go from place to place with utmost mobility and safety. Is that not a fine notion? Yes, and good-bye until hello again! □



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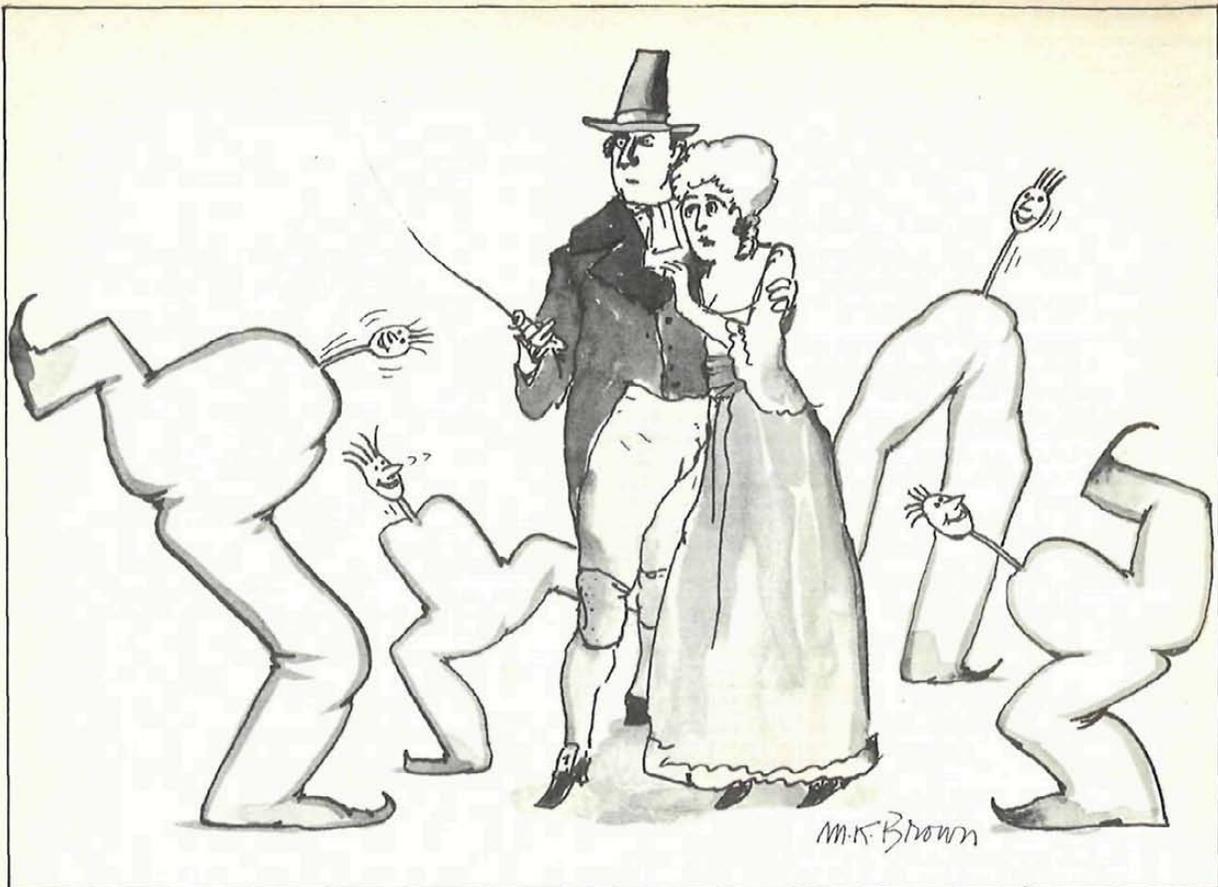
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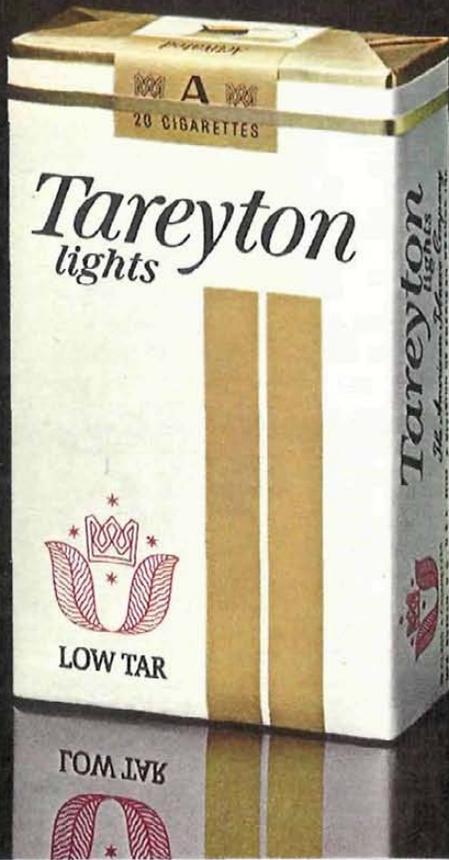
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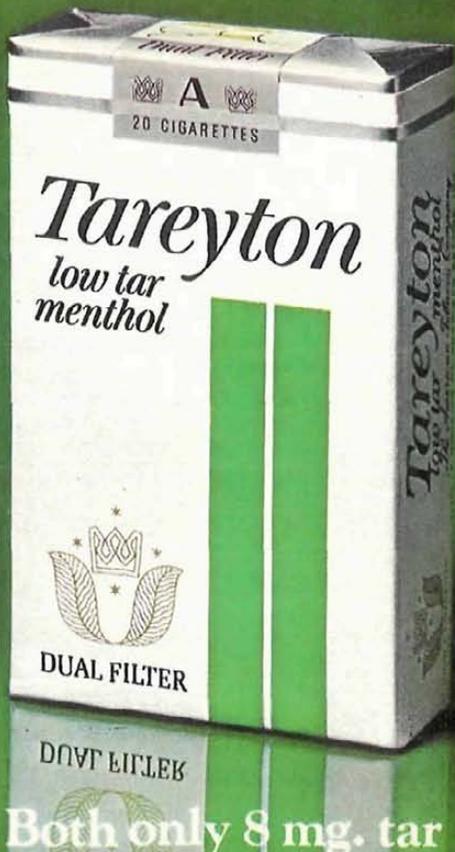
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Volume 1, No. XCII

November, 1977

Yellow Streak Edition

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CARTER'S NEW WATER SPORT

Washington, D.C.—In one of the most far-reaching, historic decisions ever made by an American president, Jimmy Carter today announced plans for a 3,000-mile-long canal across the entire continent of the United States of America.

The project is expected to cost a minimum of \$200 billion, and take forty to fifty years to build. It will run from Charleston, South Carolina, directly across the United States to its westward conclusion at Long Beach, California. Competing teams of workers will commence operations in both cities, and are expected to meet sometime in the first third of the twenty-first century at the future port city of Oklahoma City.

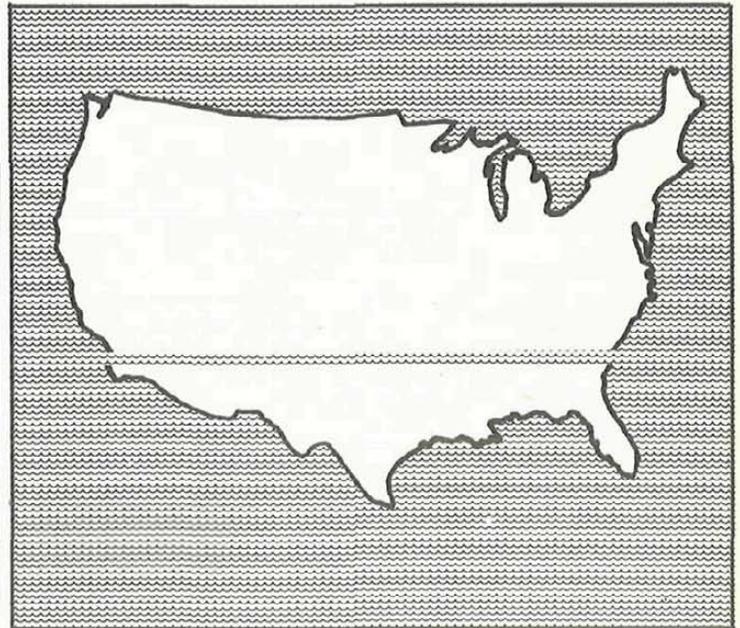
In a preannouncement briefing for reporters, White House aide Hamilton Jordan explained the project, which, he said, "in all candor, will solve every existing problem now faced by the U.S.

"What's our biggest domestic issue? Unemployment. What's our biggest international issue? The Panama Canal. What're our

two biggest spiritual concerns? Expanding leisure time and a loss of national purpose.

"Okay," Jordan continued. "We figure that, using the pick and shovel method, we can put three to four million unskilled workers on the job from day one. And by making work on the canal part of the condition for welfare, we know we'll be swamped with willing workers. This canal—right through the Sunbelt, I might add—will let us either drop the Canal treaty or give the thing away. Nobody'll care. We also open up five thousand miles of coastline for recreation, and it's your biggest national purpose since we put a man on the moon."

In a related development, Secretary of State Cy "How About Squash at the Club?" Vance disclosed that the ten-mile width of the canal will, in effect, create an entirely new



Route of proposed Lee-Grant Canal.

geography of the western hemisphere. Everything north of the canal to Canada will be considered part of the United States. The new land mass on the other side of the canal—roughly the cotton South, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and southernmost California, along with Mexico and North Central America—will

be called South America.

All land below this point will, Vance said, henceforth be known as *Spiclandia*.

The White House is confident that attendant public works projects such as bridges and ports, and associated leisure industries (see accompanying story), will make this new canal the center-

piece of American economic growth for decades to come.

In an effort to symbolize the final reconciliation of the country, the canal will be named after the two great generals of the Civil War, and will be known as the Lee-Grant Canal. (French-speaking New Orleans citizens will call it *le Grand Canal*.)

The Ecological Outlook

Canal: Pie in Sky or Can of Worms?

The ecological and geophysical impact of the proposed Lee-Grant Canal will be extensive. A presidential commission appointed to study such matters is expected to release its report next week. The following are some of the changes the report will cover:

The central "breadbasket" states (principally Oklahoma, Kansas, and Nebraska) will become coastal and semicoastal areas. Their economies will suffer a large-scale transformation. Fishing will replace farming, and the production of grains and livestock will yield to the renting of charter boats, the promotion of resort condominiums, and the proliferation of overpriced delicatessens and nightclubs, with acts starring Don Rickles, Steve and Eydie, and Totie Fields.

Similarly, the Newport News/Norfolk area will become the new Miami Beach/Miami. Transplanted New York Jews used to sunning and funning in "God's Waiting Room" will have to learn to adapt to waiters with Southern accents, grits instead of potato salad, and pecan instead of key lime pie.

Low-level flooding will result in rice paddies in Kansas cornfields, shrimping near Polar Bluff, Missouri, and coral reefs off Bowling Green, Kentucky.

The sudden intermingling of Gulf fresh water and Pacific salt water will have unpredictable effects on marine life forms. Biologists,

off the record, are predicting such mutations as clams with legs, eels with wings, marlin capable of dancing, pompano that swim backwards, sunfish that are able to play Parcheesi, and scallops fluent in German.

Both the Mississippi and the Colorado rivers will be severed in two, the southern half of each cut off from its source. The dried up half of the Mississippi may be used as an extended boggan run, provided it can be filled with sufficient snow and ice—no mean feat, since the new nation of South America will probably drift southward into the tropics. As for the Colorado, its waters will no longer reach into southern California. That region is now utterly dependent on an intricate system of waterways and reservoirs of which the current Colorado is an integral source. The digging of the canal and the subsequent cutting off of those waters will presumably cause much of California to dry up and blow away. Environmentalists are already calling this scenario "a pity."

The fate of the new South America will be difficult to predict, but most geophysicists



Wichita, Kansas, as it might look upon completion of canal.

look for that land mass to drift in a southwesterly direction into the South Pacific. En route, it will bump into Santa Catalina, San Clemente Island, and the Hawaiian Islands, either crushing everything and everybody on them, or else just pushing them along for a free ride into the area of the Polynesian islands.

Ecological anomalies will abound. Fields of grain in Kansas will be flooded and compressed into corn and wheat beaches. Octopuses will be found stranded in the southern Rockies. Seagulls will live in Wichita. Swamp and wetland vegetation will cover southern Utah.

In addition, whole economies will change.

Farmers now paid not to grow wheat in Nebraska will be paid not to grow tuna. Durango, Colorado will become a naval base similar to Pensacola. Nashville

will be the new New Orleans. And the Oklahoma panhandle will doubtless be renicknamed the "diving board to the South Pacific."

First Lady Gets D&C Plus 6,000 Mile Check

First Lady Rosalynn Carter entered the National Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Maryland, to undergo minor gynecological surgery. The operation is termed a D&C. While Mrs. Carter was in the hospital, doctors gave her a routine uterine check. After the operation, Dr. Russell Bobb discussed with reporters what he found. "Perfect ringlets of silken black hair give way to majestic folds of moist pink skin that tenderly guard the dark, fragrant channel that pulsated and tugged at my hand as I intruded upon its quiet," Dr. Bobb said. "But other than that, she's just got your plain old garden variety uterus."

Lance Strikes It Rich

Atlanta—The tangled financial difficulties of former budget director Bert "The Check Is in the Mail" Lance came to an end today shortly after the sudden discovery of millions of dollars worth of collateral in the Lance basement.

The elated Lance explained at a news conference that "for years I'd been opening accounts, borrowing money, paying off loans, taking out loans, writing checks, cashing checks, in dozens—hell, hundreds of banks."

What the always preoccupied, detail-ignoring Lance had forgotten was that each of the 2,365 banks involved offered special premiums to new depositors, new borrowers, new customers. So over the last ten years, these banks had shipped gifts to the Lance home which were packed, unopened, in the basement.

"Last week," Lance chortled, "my wife LaBelle went down into the basement to help out the meter-reader—and found every square foot packed with unopened cartons." Upon investigation, the cartons were found to contain 2,000 toasters, 750 hot combs, 800 Zenith Chroma II color television sets, 500 lawn mowers, 3,000 electric

toothbrushes, 16 gross of Sharp calculators, and other items still being inventoried.

Using these gifts as collateral, Lance promptly borrowed \$6 million from the local Household Finance Company ("I was impressed by their advice to 'Never borrow money needlessly,'" Lance said), and used it to pay off all outstanding loans, "with enough left over," according to Lance, "to express my appreciation to the folks at the Controller of the Currency's office who found no grounds for criminal prosecution."

Lance said that if enough gifts were left over, he was considering opening a chain of discount appliance stores throughout Georgia, to be known as Bert's Lance.

No Amin News

All news sources report that they have nothing to report on the controversial Ugandan president Idi Amin. The unusual leader had been in the news for fifty-three consecutive weeks until this week. There was speculation that Amin would eat his fifteenth wife, but that event never materialized.

X-rating for X-mas?

The FDA today released a report which shows that Christmas causes cancer. Rats raised in green and red cages with piped-in carols fed on egg-nog, tinsel, and wrapping paper showed a 25 percent higher rate of cancer than rats raised under atheist conditions. In addition, several rats killed themselves by leaping from their cages, apparently believing that they were reindeer.

The FDA has not ruled whether or not Christmas will have to be taken from the market.

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Pentagon Hot over New N-Bomb

President Carter has announced support of the development of another major new weapon, one which the Pentagon says "will make the SAM and MERV look like Abbott and Costello."

Designated the "nylon bomb," the new weapon is capable of totally destroying women's undergarments (including panties, bras, girdles, panty hose, stockings, and slips) while leaving the outer clothing and the subject females unharmed. The bomb's average range is approximately ten square miles; in addition, it is said to leave surrounding buildings intact.

A Pentagon spokesman was quick to point out the weapon's advantages over conventional bomb-type weapons. "We foresee utilizing this weapon in areas of high population and strict sexual mores," reported Major General Calvin Newcombe. "I especially refer to those third

world nations and poorer countries in which the Catholic church plays a strong role. It should be obvious that the nylon bomb, when dropped over, say, Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires, would have a devastating effect in terms of underwear denial and the subsequent confusion resulting from an abnormally high degree of sexual stimulation of the male populace.

"Those females affected by the nylon bomb would immediately evince extraordinarily high levels of breast bounceage, nipple definition, posterior accessibility, groin visibility, and all of their attendant chemosensory stimuli. The resulting



Effects on test population of Los Alamos, New Mexico, reveal staggering power of new "nylon" bomb.

chaos among those populations can easily be imagined."

When queried as to the bomb's effects on

men, Newcombe replied, "We foresee those effects to be minimal. The actual number of men in South

and Central American countries who use nylon underwear is much less than is commonly supposed."

Space Probe to Spy, Peep, Stare

The interplanetary space probe Voyer I was successfully launched today from Cape Canaveral, according to NASA officials. The craft is scheduled to fly past the planet Jupiter some time in the year 1988, after which it will be electronically ordered to continue on out of our solar system and head for deep space.

The purpose of the Voyer program is to sneak in as close as possible to the planet Jupiter and take secret snapshots of any activity on the planet. Said

one NASA official, "These activities include, but are not limited to, fornication, kissing and heavy petting, undressing, playing sex games, and parading around the

bedroom with no clothes on." In this manner, the official continued, space scientists will be able to determine what kind of life exists on the largest of the sun's planets.

"We hope to get some really good shots," he concluded. "since we have fancy infrared filters and telescopic lenses and other impressive scientist equipment."

Army Corps of Engineers Canal Director Says, "Can Do"

Bruce Yarnell, director of the Lee-Grant Canal for the Army Corps of Engineers, said that the project is "100 percent can do."

"No sweat," added Yarnell. "I don't mean to oversimplify, but engineering is still basically drawing a straight line between two points. We've got two points: Charleston and Long Beach. We're just going to carve out a straight line between them, and I mean straight."

Yarnell said that the blasting presented no problems. "Nowadays, we can move out a city in less than twenty-four hours and come out as clean as a cat's behind." He also agreed with the timetable of forty to fifty years for the pick and shovel work and necessary environmental cosmetics. "When I say 'can do,' I also mean 'on time' and 'on budget.' I don't plan to spend a dime over the \$200 billion."

Albanians Slash Relations

In a surprise move, Albania announced today that it was severing diplomatic relations with itself. Incompatible ideologies, lack of telephone and postal communication, and funny-sounding names were given as reasons. "We've had it with these unpronounceable names," said one disgusted official. "When you introduce yourself, it sounds like a speech defect."

Attempts by Albanian leaders to apologize to themselves have so far met with icy silence. And Albanian chief Enver Hoxha (pronounced "murnivsmna kyxtherher") has asserted that he will refuse to attend any meetings he is present at. Prospects for reconciliation thus seem dim.

WISH YOU WERE HERE

By JOHN RAMBLING, our travel correspondent

Big Doin's on the Big Ditch

Gulls wheeling overhead, the tang of sea salt in the air. Off the stern, a mile-long caravan of back-packing water-skiers serenade you with folk songs. Welcome to Oklahoma City, your favorite stop on your transcontinental liner tour of North America. Oklahoma City? Seagulls? Liner tour? Don't touch that dial. Your scribe hasn't gone a little funny in the head. He's just decided to write you a little itinerary in advance for your vacation-of-a-lifetime on the fabulous Lee-Grant Canal. So come on board! There's room for all!

It's been a grand trip so far. Your mind takes you back to that tall, dark stranger who guided your gondola through the exotic back alleyways of New Improved Orleans, a square mile of friendly France transplanted to the Death Valley waterfront. You remember that quaint little barge with the foreign menu. Was it Le Grand Quenelle? Or was it Ye Olde Trencher? No matter: the food was *superb*.

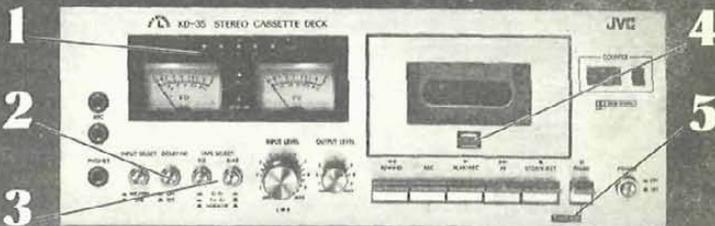
Tomorrow, your captain has a full day planned for you as your boat nears Ossawatamie, Kansas. If fishing is your dishing, you can throw a line overboard and reel in an Atlantic shad or a Pacific salmon (both species of finny food make their annual spawning run up the Big Gash). And when they meet, all hell busts loose, and it's ready-made fish mousse for one and all as they battle for the spawning beds!

And when the sun sets again, you watch the fearless natives dive off the top of the St. Louis Arch in a mad, anarchic, fun-filled quest for quarters (some tourists even throw a *half dollar* to the peerless plungers).

Yes, it's a full day as you float your way across the nation. But better rest up. Tomorrow, it's log rolling in Taos, followed by the National Speedboat Championships and Clambake in li'l ol' Death Valley.

See you then. Got to run. Wish you were here.

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JVC's new front-loading KD-35 cassette deck is as close as you can come to goof-proof recording. It has something no other make of cassette deck has. **1.** Five peak-reading LED indicators to help you avoid under-recording, tape saturation and distortion. Combine this with **2.** Dolby noise reduction, **3.** bias and equalization switches,

4. JVC's exclusive Sen-Alloy head, **5.** automatic tape-end stop, plus absentee recording when you connect an accessory timer — and you realize why the KD-35 stands out in any crowd.

The KD-35 cassette deck is priced just above the least expensive model in JVC's new cassette deck lineup. Just imagine what our top model is like.

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Collector's Items



DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life, Francis Gary Powers, the Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies

MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Pagillion* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Buickmobiles, The Playboy Fatout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy

MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Soilaine, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon as Big as the Tall

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships

AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With *True Politics* magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With Sgt. Snurver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Felist Supplement, and Adlai Stevens in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics

DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o'-God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: With The Adventures of Deadman, *Playdead* magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With *The National Insider*, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster #4, and *Ivory* magazine

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With The Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With the Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit n Kaboodle Comics, *Gun Lust Magazine*, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With *Popular Workbench*, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With *Psychology Today* parody, Son-o'-God Comics #3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitenedo comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?: With Saga of the Frozen North, G Gordon Liddy—Agent of C R E E P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The De Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kilban's Trick

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Titanium" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bad Day

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the *National Lampoon* Building, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poanboat*

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With The Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Cosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS "Tyrannic" Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheesburg

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Aghew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Souk Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexecuting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies Home Journal*, and Ballart Comics

OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE: With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampoon Period Piece

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Pnson Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down

JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Jealous Capades

FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE: With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, Historia de Amor, An Evening at Dingleberries, and The St Valentine's Day Massacre

MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: With Barbar and His Enemies, Gone with the Wind '75, Englandland, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker* Parody

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes

MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and Our Wonderful Bodies

JUNE, 1975/RAINY DAY ISSUE: With *Boy O Boy Magazine*, Edward Gorey's The Worstest Monster, Parkourbook, Orayomi, and Cloo

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *Fag Hag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hoorary, Mel Brooks Is God, Airport '69, and Glitter Bums

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With The Rockefeller Altica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherent Their Wind, and World Night Court

SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With The Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Plays, and the *Esquire* Parody

OCTOBER, 1975/COLLECTOR'S ISSUE: With Pornography for the Dumb, Underwear for the Deal, *Myth and Legend Mirror*, the Mayo Clinic, and The Infamous Cuban Homo Farm

NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK: With Ferdinand the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shirking*, and Hire the Handicapped

DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *Fortune* parody

JANUARY, 1976/SECRET ISSUE: With Jackie's Date with Destiny, *The New York Review of Books* parody, IRA Comics, Couches in Secrecy, and The Conspiring Photographer

FEBRUARY, 1976/ARTISTS AND MODELS: With *Simply Picasso*, Art Dreco, Clowning Around with Tits, the *ARTnews* parody, and the Lincoln, Nebraska, Center for the Performing Arts

APRIL, 1976/SPORTS: With Dogfishing, *Silver Jack*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and The Puck Stops Here

MAY, 1976/FOREIGNERS: With *The Times of India*, Foreigners around the World, EEC, Whatever Happened to Vietstisname, and the Culture Vultures section

JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY: With Kelauber High School Reunion, The Story of Douglas Aircraft, Chris Miller's At the Movies, *Canadian Weekly*, and another Bernie Xpose

SEPTEMBER, 1976—THE LATEST ISSUE: With a complete list of Bad Words, Western Romance Part Three, *Brave Dog Magazine*, and the return of both Uncle Buckle and cat hammerer

OCTOBER, 1976—THE FUNNY PAGES: With a four-page, full color Nuts, the Aesop Brothers on honeymoon, Verman, Sherman the Tank, Odd Bodkins, and dozeAs of other comics and cartoons

NOVEMBER, 1976/SPECIAL ELECTION YEAR ISSUE: Is Democracy fixed? The complete story of the Townville campaign, starring Ford and Carter look-alikes, with the traditional bribery, corruption, and natural gas

JANUARY, 1977/SUREFIRE ISSUE: With Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Final Days, lots of hilarious cartoons, eight gags, comics, and the *Scientific American* parody

FEBRUARY, 1977/KENNEDY REINAUGURAL ISSUE: With JFK's First 6,000 Days (1962-1976) the *Village Voice* parody, War in Ireland, and the Jackie Memorial

MARCH, 1977/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Poisonous Junk, Stuff That Blows Up, and Large Dangerous Things That Go Fast

APRIL, 1977/RIPPING THE LID OFF TV: With T-Bird and Monza, T V magazine, Monday Night Sleep, PBS Concordance, and Dinah's Dumpster

MAY, 1977/GAY ISH: With *Better Homes and Closets* magazine, *Frosts*—An Oral History a report on Navajompos, Goddam Faggots! by Rodrigues, and the Truman Capote parody

JUNE, 1977/CAREERS: With mercenaries webtacks, guidance counselors, summer jobs, placement tests, university by mail, Gussman's get rich tips, and Sam Gross

JULY, 1977/SEX: With the inevitable *Hite Report* parody, What Every Young Woman Should Know from hics skin books, stroke mags, and the Last, True-Life Western Romance

AUGUST, 1977/CHEAP THRILLS: With *Wasted Times* magazine, More Tales of Uncle Mike, Can I get a job at the *National Lampoon*?, Sleeping with the Stars, and *Kickz*

SEPTEMBER, 1977/GROW UP: With neaht facts, insurance madness, Gidget Goes Sentie, a guide to adults, and Gahan Wilson's Grow-ups Can Do Anything

OCTOBER, 1977/BEATLES: With *Mersey Moptop Favercave Fabgearbear Magazine*, Beat the Beatles, the unreleased albums of John, George, Ringo, Paul, and Frank Sinatra, and the authentic McCartney autopsy report

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Nixon Blames Downfall on Dead

In a surprising outburst toward the close of an hour-long interview on foreign policy, former president Richard Nixon laid the blame for Watergate at the feet of the late Martha Mitchell, the recently deceased comedian Groucho Marx, and the long dead writer Dashiell Hammett, among others. These accusations, coming as they did in the context of an otherwise unremarkable discussion, rendered the normally talkative Frost speechless.

A routine question about Taiwan appeared to trigger the outburst. "Taiwan?!" Nixon shouted, surprising both interviewer and audience. "Why is it that you never ask about dear Martha Mitchell? You might be interested to know that if it weren't for that crazy alcoholic, God bless her, none of this would have happened. We begged John to have her put down, but he knew better, and the next thing, she was on the phone blabbing this and that and 'I could tell you things' and who knows what else kind of slanderous garbage from her foul mouth. Well, God bless her, she's dead now."

Nixon went on to explain that it was the attorney general's concern for his emotionally unstable wife that caused him to commit oversights in his running of the Committee to Reelect the President. In this way, Mitchell apparently overlooked the

spying and illegal surveillance, the raising of millions of dollars in illegal campaign contributions, and the sale of favors and ambassadorships, as well as numerous other illegal activities.

As a somewhat recovered Frost began to press Nixon on specific details, he launched into a stinging attack on comedian Groucho Marx, who died in Beverly Hills just weeks before the taping of the interview. The exiled former president, eyes flashing angrily, recounted how the late Marx brother had taken to placing late night phone calls to Gordon Liddy, a member of the so-called plumbers team. His voice dropping to a confidential whisper, Nixon leaned toward Frost and explained, "Look, the old boy was a bit of a sicko, he liked his fun...you know, the dirty stuff. Gordie just hated to see him like that, and when he would make a request, say, 'do this job for me,' or, 'play



Groucho: "Liddy could not say no to him."



Hammett: "Bebe had him on his mind the whole time!"



Mitchell: "Slanderous garbage from that crazy alcoholic!"

this little prank on the Democrats'—whatever it was, poor chap, who could say no to this great entertainer, who had made millions of Americans laugh. God bless him, he's taking a well earned rest right now."

With time running out, Frost attempted to win a retraction of sorts from the smiling Nixon. "The transcripts clearly show that you personally ordered numerous illegal acts, including cover-ups, and that you had full knowledge of a wide range of other unethical and unlawful acts being committed by your staff. Yet you are telling the American people that you would like them to believe that none of these

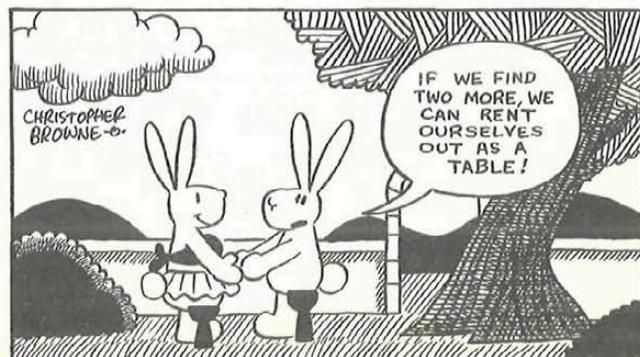
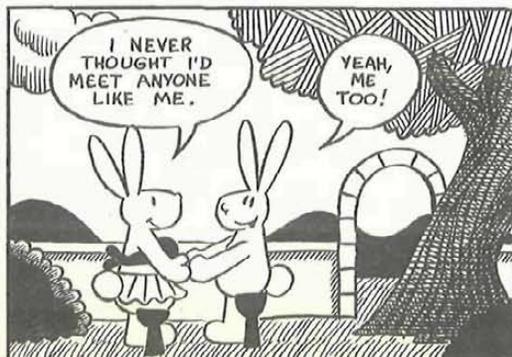
things would have happened if not for Martha Mitchell and Groucho Marx, two people who are neither alive nor were ever principals in your administration..." At this point, Nixon interrupted.

"Let me interrupt you there," he stated. "You can put whatever twisted construction you want to on my words, that's your job. I'm not blaming anybody. I'm just saying that Bebe is not a stupid man, he wouldn't have accepted millions of dollars for illegal accounts in some Mafia bank in the Bahamas. He had this damn thing on his mind the whole time. They tell me this fellow Ham-

mett had gone to school with his older brother or some such thing, and naturally, he was just as sore as heck about all this publicity he was getting—look, the Jews were making a hero out of this Communist, and Bebe knew it. I just found this out recently myself!"

At the close of this sentence, Nixon slumped back in his seat in an apparent faint. All efforts at revival failed until a disgruntled Frost ordered lights and cameras removed. The British reporter was apparently unsuccessful in later attempts to discuss the charges with Mr. Nixon, who was himself unavailable to the press.

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Highlights of the Month

- Nov. 4
8:30 P.M. NBC. WIGGINS THE BUTLER. Wiggins loses his job when he tells old Mr. Forman to kiss his ass. Wiggins: Peter Ustinov. Hilda: Rose Marie.
- Nov. 6
9:30 P.M. PBS. THE CLEAVER SAGA. Alistair Cooke, host. Chapter Four: "Master Beaver's Report Card."
- Nov. 8
9:00 P.M. CBS. WE'LL ALWAYS BE TOGETHER. The new Norman Lear sit-com about a pair of Siamese twins (Paul Williams and Mickey Rooney), who are joined at the neck. In the premiere episode, "The Big Date," everything is going fine until Jake (Rooney) gets diarrhea.
- Nov. 11
10:00 P.M. ABC. SUSPENSE. John Travolta guest stars as the pilot of a plane full of quadraplegics that is downed in the desert. Only he can get them to safety in tonight's episode, "Dragtime."
- Nov. 17
9:00 P.M. NBC. WHERE'S PAPA? Ernest is cleaning his shotgun and it goes off by mistake...in his mouth! Ernest: Errol Wetson. Margaux: Tatum O'Neal.
- Nov. 21
8:00 P.M. ABC. TELL IT TO THE MARINES. A racial incident highlighted by Sgt. Peterson getting his rifle wedged in a urinal makes for the laughs! Peterson: Billy Dee Williams. Narrator: Jack Webb.
- Nov. 22
6:00 P.M. PBS. BOOM. The kids make a kite and show a snuff film.
- Nov. 24
8:30 P.M. ABC. BRUCE JENNER THEATER. Tonight, Bruce and guest Karen Valentine take a crack at "Romeo and Juliet" by the late English writer W. Shakespeare.
- Nov. 25
8:30 P.M. CBS. JERRY VAN DYKE'S ANNUAL HERPES TELETHON. Jerry's annual pitch for your money this year stars Jerry and Tim Considine (nineteen hours).

Thank Heaven for Little Girls



Pretty child psychologist Pam proves that it is possible for a girl to hug a large stuffed animal while holding a music box in her lap.

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Some Typing Errors

by
Hugo Flesch

Here are some typing mistakes I made recently. Rather than type them up correctly, I have left them as is. There is a certain beauty to be found in unintentional goofs, I feel.

Here's a poem I wrote after putting the finishing touches on a piece entitled, "Zinc or Copper: Which Is It to Be?"

Night Chat

Well.
So it's 3 A.M.
And nothing's accomplished.
(Except that damn zinc
piece. Damn that zinc piece
anyhow.)

Well.

How I ache for a drinc.
But
I am afraid to go downstairs
right now.
Well.

In the dark morning air
Is the sound of many bugs.
The buzz, buzz, buzz of
various bugs.
How I hate these bugs.
How I hate their buzzing
noises.

So, okay. Now here's one I know
you'll like. See if you can find the
place where my finger slipped:

Girls! Over Here, Girls!

Girls! Over here, girls!
For it's here you'll find
Th' action,
Th' laughs,
Th' handsome features
Which provoke th' awe.

Girls! Over here, girls!
Tis time to make much
Merriment 'n' love.
Let's have th' awe,
Girls.
Let's have th' laughs...

Girls! Over here, girls!
For now th' magic time
Is won.

Let's strib,
Girls,
And have it done.

Business Humor

by
Hugo Flesch

Is there anything funny about the following letter?

Dear May I Call You Maude?

*I've seen you working there—typing
away—don't think I haven't.*

Mr. Milhaus

No. We can conclude that this letter has no humor in it. Let's get off it right away, and into another business letter:

Dearest Mr. Mil:

*Just got your letter an' loved it! Yes, I
can type quite well. Let's get together,
honey.*

M.

Nope. There's no humor here, either. Let's go on.

Dearest Maude:

So glad you answered my miserable letter. I'll...I'll be in front of the cooler in five minutes.

Phil Mil

Dear Mr. Milhaus:

*Look, what is it you want? I've typed
up that memo. I hafta go home now.
Mother's ailing.*

Maude

No, these are not business letters. Let's ignore them. Here's one. Let's examine it:

My Dear Jackson:

*These winners are no good. Let's switch
to segmors immediately.*

Erikson

Okay. But note again: A conspicuous absence of humor! Ugh. Let's keep moving. This Erikson fellow is repugnant to me.

Dearest Board Members:

Look.

I'm the chairman, men.

*I beg you not to throw me out the
window.*

Gentlemen, please.

C.B.

Oooooouzo!



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Ah! Now! This one's got humor. Yes, it's visible.

My Dear Mrs. Jamieson:

So pleased to receive your letter of the eighteenth. I am out here on the fifteenth. It's a par four, with a dogleg. Keep working!

Hagerty

Okay, this has humor, too. We find it funny that a boss should be out in the sun whilst the underling slaves it out at the office. We shouldn't. This is a shame, America.

Some Trivia

by
Hugo Fleisch

David T. Morton walked to the moon in April, 1953, by placing a plank in front of him, walking across it, picking it up, putting it in front of him again, walking across it again, and so on through 238,857 miles of empty, tortuous space.

In doing so, he established several records.

The seemingly unintelligible words *laser*, *scuba*, *radar*, *snafu*, and *sonar* are actually just phrases shortened up a bit by joining first letters. Let's look at them in this light:

Laser—Lee and Sondra Eyed Ricky
Scuba—Sir Charles Unashamedly
Bit Atwood

Radar—Roger Ate Don and Ruth
Snafu—So! Nadine Ate Four
Ukrainians!

Sonar—Sam Ousted Nadine and
Roger
(Personal note: Good for Sam!)

The secret formula for Coca-Cola is:

One part cola
One part coca

In the Icelandic language, the word *chill* is spelled with seven *ls*. The word *cold* is spelled with three *os*, seven *ls*, and four *ds*. Thus: *chilllllllll*, *cooollllllllll*.

The ten-gallon hat now costs seventy-four and a half cents per gallon. Up six and a half cents since 1975!

Jigsaw puzzles are constructed piece by piece.

The first Main Street (Dimmesdale, North Dakota) was named after Duane Main and James Street, the local optometrists. When Main went bankrupt, it was changed to Maple Street (after Mayor Todd Maple and Dr. Street).

Some cities and countries have changed their names. Here are a few examples:

Old	New
Peiping	Peiping Hot
Danzig	Danzig the Night Away
Siam	Yessiam
Ceylon	Ceylon I'll See Ya Later
Gold Coast	Goldcoastalot- nowadays
St. Petersburg	St. Petersburgwith- everythingtogo
Constantinople	Constantino- people Too Well
Stalingrad	Stalinggraduate Study

Eight-tenths of the world's popu-

lation relies on Mac Davis for its entertainment and news.

Adhesive tape will not stick to a tiger's tongue. (A tip of the hat to the late Robert Chaney.)

You've heard of the 4-H Club. But have you ever heard of the 17-P Club? Stands for Parkway, Puny, Palladium, Pampas, Palate, Paunch, Pavilion, Pudding, Protein, Plaza, Pawnshop, Pellagra, Percolator, Perdition, Phlegm, Pesky, and Placenta. Main office is in Pittsburgh somewhere.

The world's first wedding ceremony was held in 50,003 B.C. and consisted of only six words: *yank*, *slap*, *bite*, *kick*, *l*, and *will*.

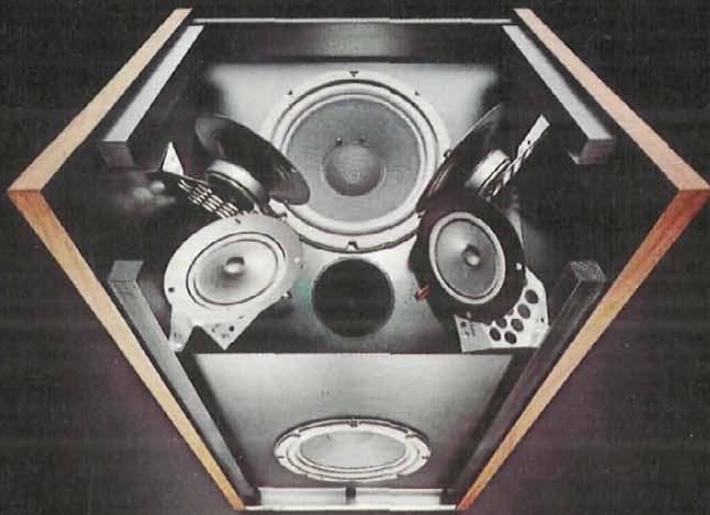
Dolphins have carried spearguns since 1958.

Most men can grow beards anywhere on their bodies except on the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet. Back beards were popular in sixteenth century France.

The person with the longest name in the United States has to be Art Miltonwasadisacorockelpingtofishinthedarkofthenightoftheguantoritalianicefortelevisiòni. The name was

continued

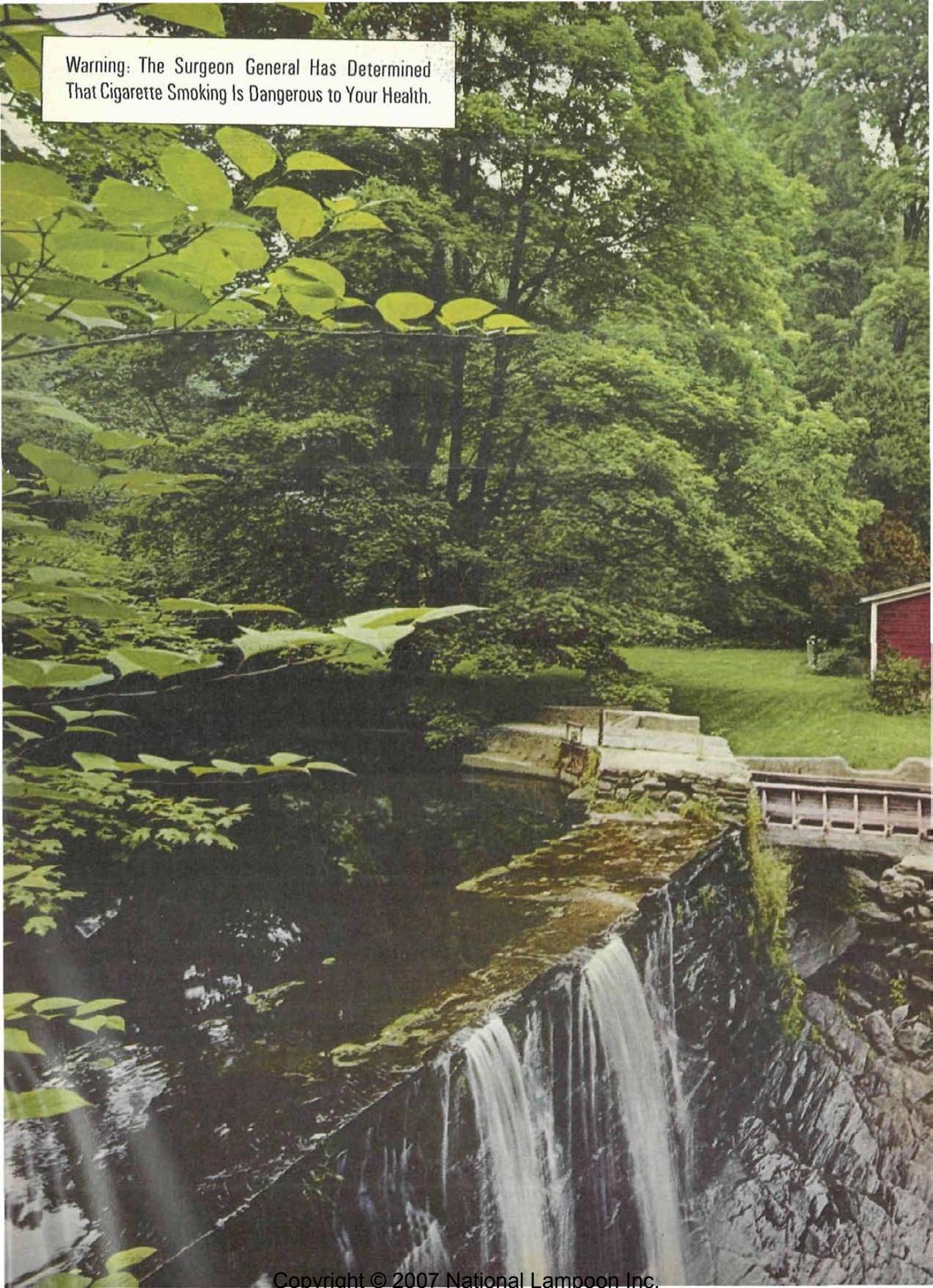
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Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; FOB, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

Some Trivia
continued

actually made up by Mr. Milton was a discorockelpingtofishinthedarkofthenightoftheiguantoritalianicefortelevisiōni and by Julie Milton was a discorockelpingtofishinthedarkofthenightoftheiguantoritalianicefortelevisiōni, his wife, in 1974.

The greatest poker hand ever? It was the ace of hearts, ace of spades, ace of diamonds, ace of clubs, ace of cups, ace of saucers, and three air aces played by the late Jimmy "Jake" Mar-

tin in December, 1939.

The actress Teresa Wright once flew in an airplane invented, of course, by Wilbur and Orville—Wright!

Some of the most colorful terms used to designate groups of animals include the following: a *dishful* of ducks, a *casserole* of chickens, a *pot* of perch, a *helping* of hares, and a *platter* of pigs.

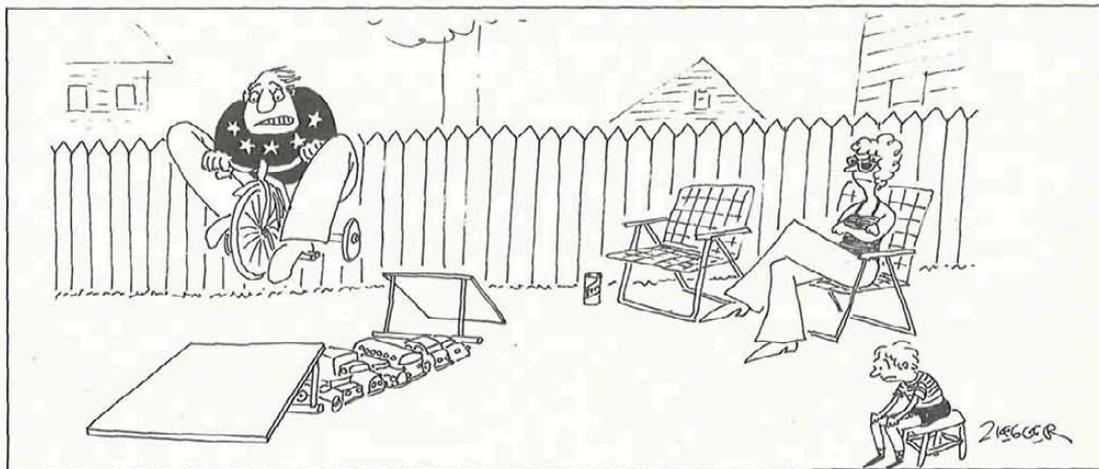
A bull elephant needs a cow elephant or a 1400-pound woman in

order to mate.

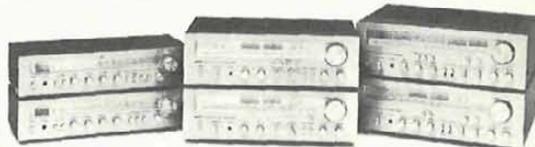
Three men have been elected president of the United States by less than 500 votes. (Look it up.)

One of Al Capone's henchmen loved to eat capons in front of the infamous leader. When Capone asked him one day what he was gnawing on so happily, the minion replied, "It's a capon, Mr. Capone."

Luckily, the monstrous madman took no offense and continued shooting others. □



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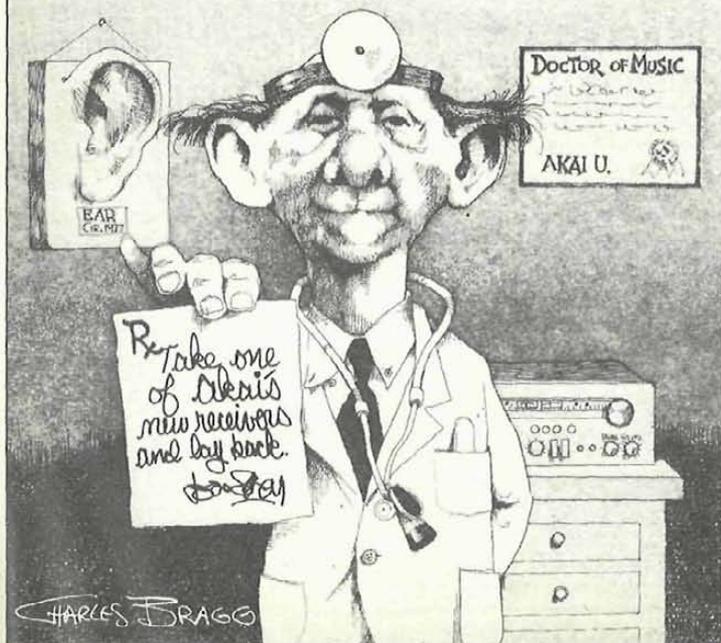
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Recontoured neck shape to allow more comfortable playability.

Reshaped heel for easier access to the higher registers.

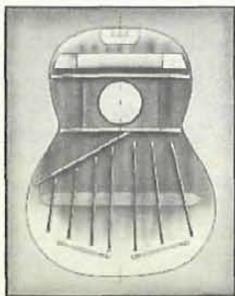
Real wood marquetry rosette.

A solid spruce top, quarter sawn. The best wood for guitar tops, cut the best possible way. Indian rosewood back and sides.

Finishes that provide maximum resonance to the top, extra durability to the back and neck. An internal finish to eliminate moisture absorption.

Jacaranda bridge coordinated with mosaic back strip and side binding.

Transverse fan-type bracing, the kind used on some of the most expensive classical guitars in the world.



We know what you want in a classical guitar because we asked. We listened to you, the players. And then we acted. The result: your next guitar, the all-new Yamaha classic.

To make your new guitar sound the best, you want it built with only the world's best woods. Like spruce, Indian rosewood, ebony, jacaranda.

We heard that. Yamaha's been hand-crafting fine, wooden instruments for nearly a century. And because Yamaha buys such large quantities of these woods, we can afford to make you a guitar this good, this competitively priced.

We know you want more comfortable playability, and that's why we've recontoured our classic's neck, and reshaped the heel closer to the guitar's body.

We know your next guitar must have a quick, responsive touch. Crisp, clear highs. Rich, resonant lows. And it must have a simple but elegant design that's great to look at, great to play. We know all that because Yamaha spends so much time and money to find out.

So take a close look and listen to your next guitar. Choose from the seven Yamaha classics, solid and laminated spruce-top models. At your Yamaha dealer.



YAMAHA

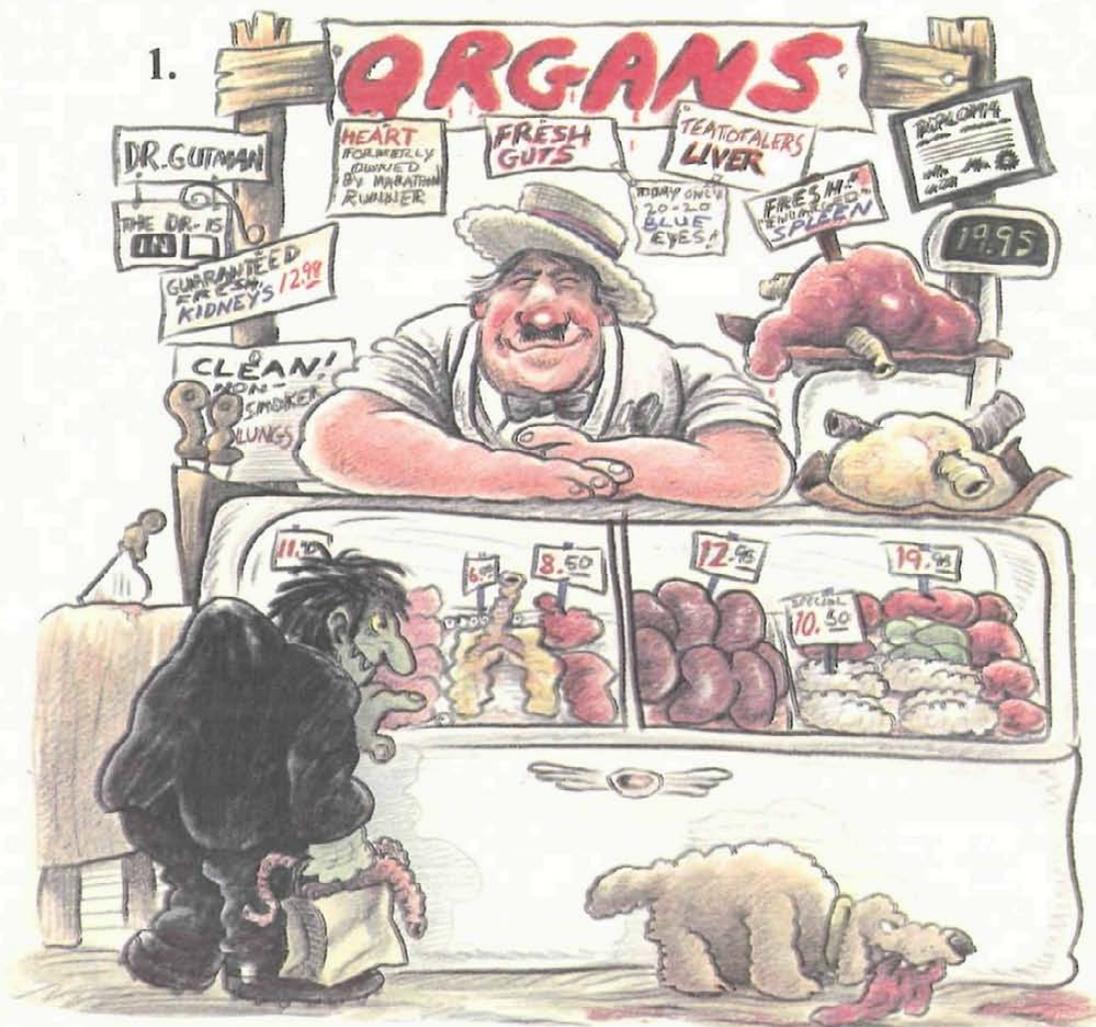
P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622

Yamaha G-255S
Classic Guitar

A Guide to the Best Medical Flea Market

By Gerry Sussman

"...If you know how to flea bargain, you can get an appendectomy for \$6.95...a nose job for as little as \$45..."



One of the answers to the astronomical costs of medical care is the medical flea market, the way smart New Yorkers are coping with this very real and difficult problem. Medical flea markets offer virtually all the services of regular doctors and hospitals for a lot less money. Reasons? Very low overhead for the doctors: no fancy offices; no bevy of assistants; no phone bills; a high volume of patients, which is translatable into lower fees. Many of the doctors, though

well qualified, have for one reason or another lost their licenses or dropped out of formal practice—so they don't mind charging lower rates. Equipment is not always up to date, but it works. Just as it did for your father, your father's father, and *his* father. And of course, there is the extra benefit for the patient—the right to flea bargain.

Medical flea markets are excellent buys if you know where to look and who to use. One of the best markets in New

1. Dr. Milo Gutman makes a point of rising at five A.M. and shopping for the freshest organs for transplants. He has the shrewd, practiced eye of a three-star French restaurateur, and does fairly good surgery.

York is located on a large open lot in the Spanish Harlem section. For a guide to the best buys in this market, turn the page.

2. If you feel shy about haggling over fees, hire a professional. This agency specializes in the best—young medical exchange students from the Middle East (Iran, Lebanon, Syria) with years of haggling experience in their native bazaars. Nobody haggles like an Arab. If they do well, tip them a few dollars over and above fee.

3. Dr. Carlos Nipentuck, who was disbarred from practice in Rio de Janeiro for cutting off a socialite's nose (he claimed to have accidentally inhaled some of her laughing gas), is a steal at these rates. There's no better plastic surgeon at any price, especially when he's sober.

4. You've got to be careful at the bargain drug table. Each item is clearly labeled, and you buy at your own risk. But who can resist a '72 jar of 1,000 Valiums at a buck? Or even a gross of Thalidomide for \$2.75? Daphne's Drug Table always has a nice selection.

5. A blunt and vigorous man, Dr. Saul Procto is still consulted by the medical establishment when they need deep penetration and clean work. Highly recommended, if you don't mind his brusque manner.

6. We like Dr. Prober because what he lacks in skill and experience, he more than makes up for in sensitivity and understanding. Don't let his special offers and low rates put you off. He's the best of the lot.

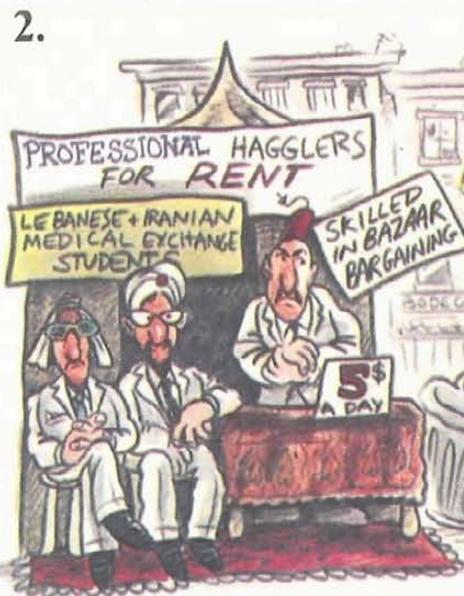
7. Duke's offers all the benefits of high-priced cobalt treatments at a fraction of their regular cost. Duke and his assistant, Vornell, claim that the cobalt machine "fell off a truck" and that they fixed it and figured out how to use it. Don't even "hondle" with them. At \$5 an hour, it's a bargain.

8. You can get any drug you want in this city if you know where to look. Laetrile, for instance. If you believe in it, then buy it here at the Pit Stop. Also, good buys in dried fruits and nuts.

9. If you can corner Dr. Mal Practice before noon—say, from eight to eleven—you still have one of the best surgeons in New York. But he begins to fade somewhat in the afternoon and shouldn't be used for anything more complex than cutting off a bunion.

10. Moe Turtletaub claims he can outfit anybody with an arm and a leg, from cadet shorts to imperial longs. He buys closeouts from fancy downtown labs and has his own supplier in Taiwan.

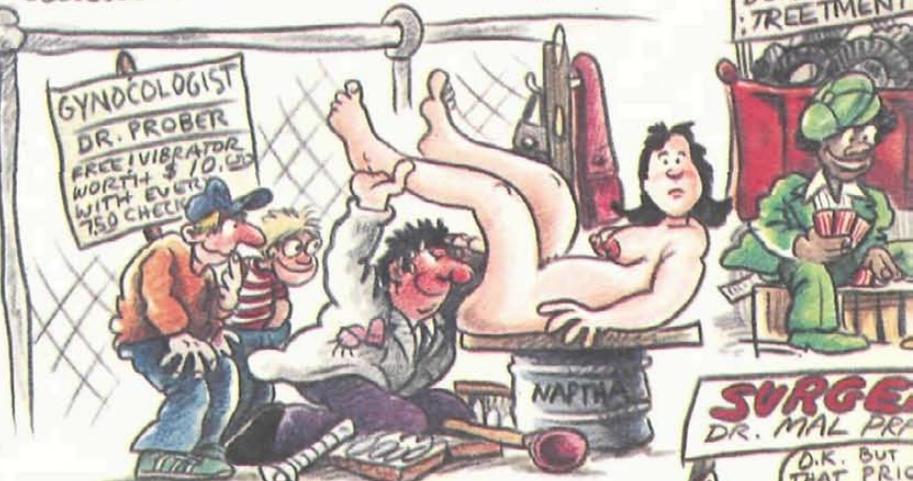
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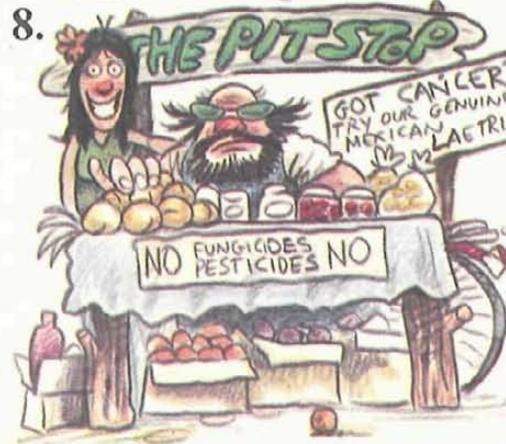
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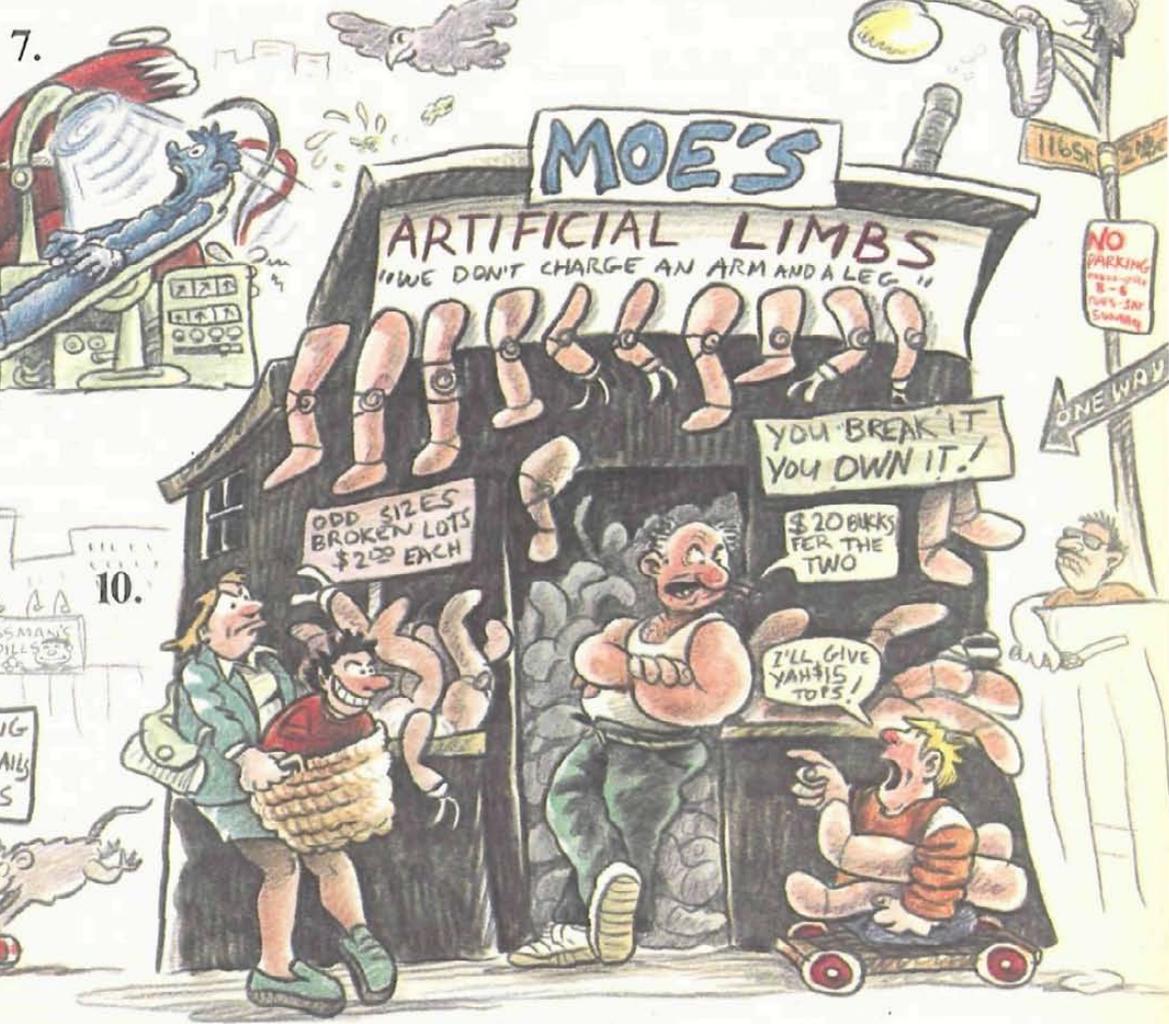
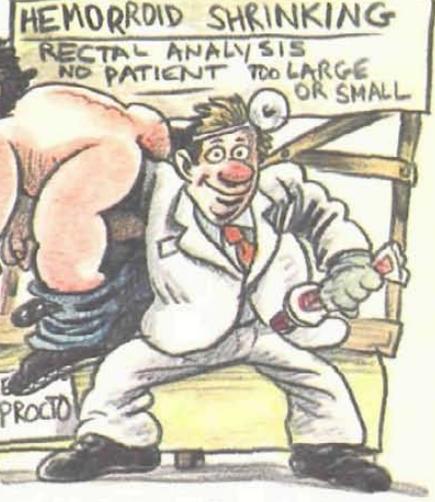


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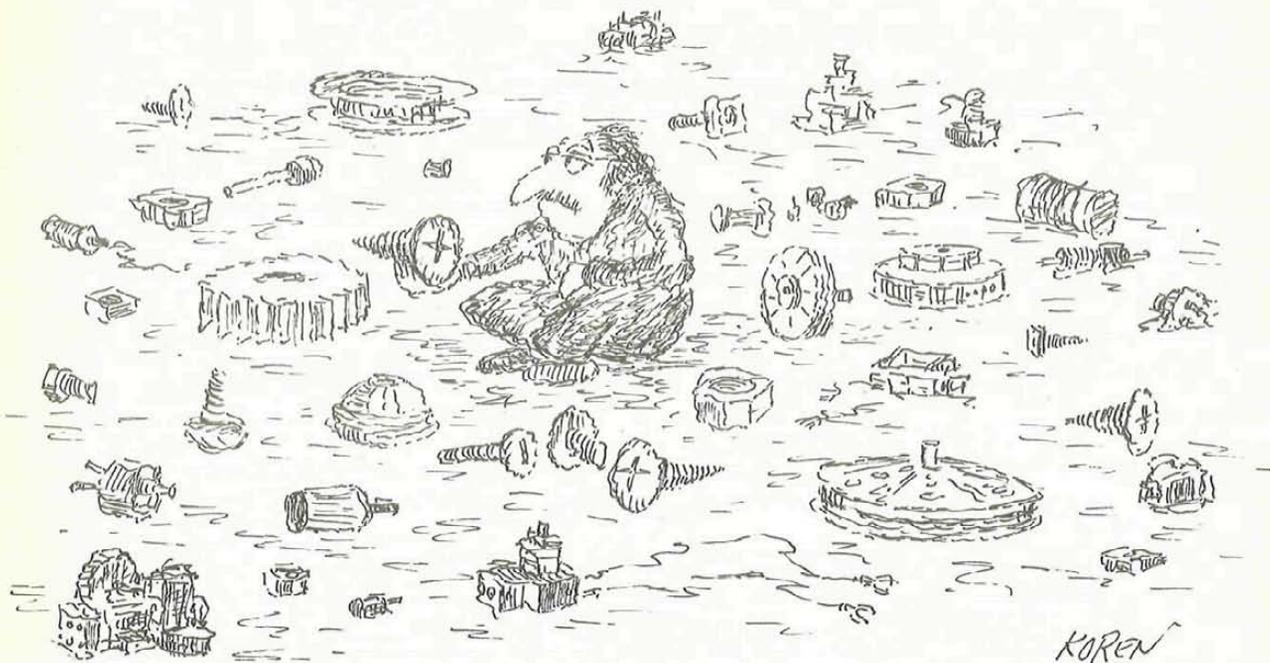


9.





"My, my, how complicated."



"So many pieces and parts.' That's what I used to think about turntables that could change records.

And you know something? I was right for once. Until B·I·C came along.

But when I looked at the underside of a B·I·C turntable and compared it with the (name deleted) I was amazed.

The B·I·C has fewer parts and linkages than other changers. And fewer than many turntables that won't change a record.

It looks simple and it is. Even I can understand that fewer parts mean fewer potential problems.

The B·I·C is truly a triumph of American ingenuity. (It's made in the USA.) And it has a two-year warranty which gives you a nice warm feeling.

Fewer parts. More functions. I never thought I'd see the day.

B·I·C certainly un-complicated *my* life."

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The Hot New Wines of California vs. the Big Names from France: A Blind Tasting

By Gerald Sussman

Our distinguished panel of experts rate them, with labels removed and all wines numbered and coded.



In case you haven't read any newspapers or magazines for the last five years, you may not realize that California now produces remarkable red and white wines, many as good or better than their French counterparts. There seems to be a new and important California vineyard emerging every week with a magnificent offering. Some of the new vineyards are controlled by the big distilleries; some are small, independents specializing in two or three types of wines; but all share the same enthusiasm, growing expertise, and intense dedication that have made California a challenger to France as the most impor-

tant wine producing area in the world.

Our taste test was restricted to three whites and three reds. In each case, we tried to compare a similar and distinguished French wine to its California counterpart. In the reds we compared a '75 Spartan Creek Cabernet Sauvignon to a '74 Lynch-Bages; a '76 Feisty Brothers Zinfandel to a '72 Chateau Calon Segur; and a '75 Petit Sirah from Siesta Valley against a Nuits-St.-Georges, '75.

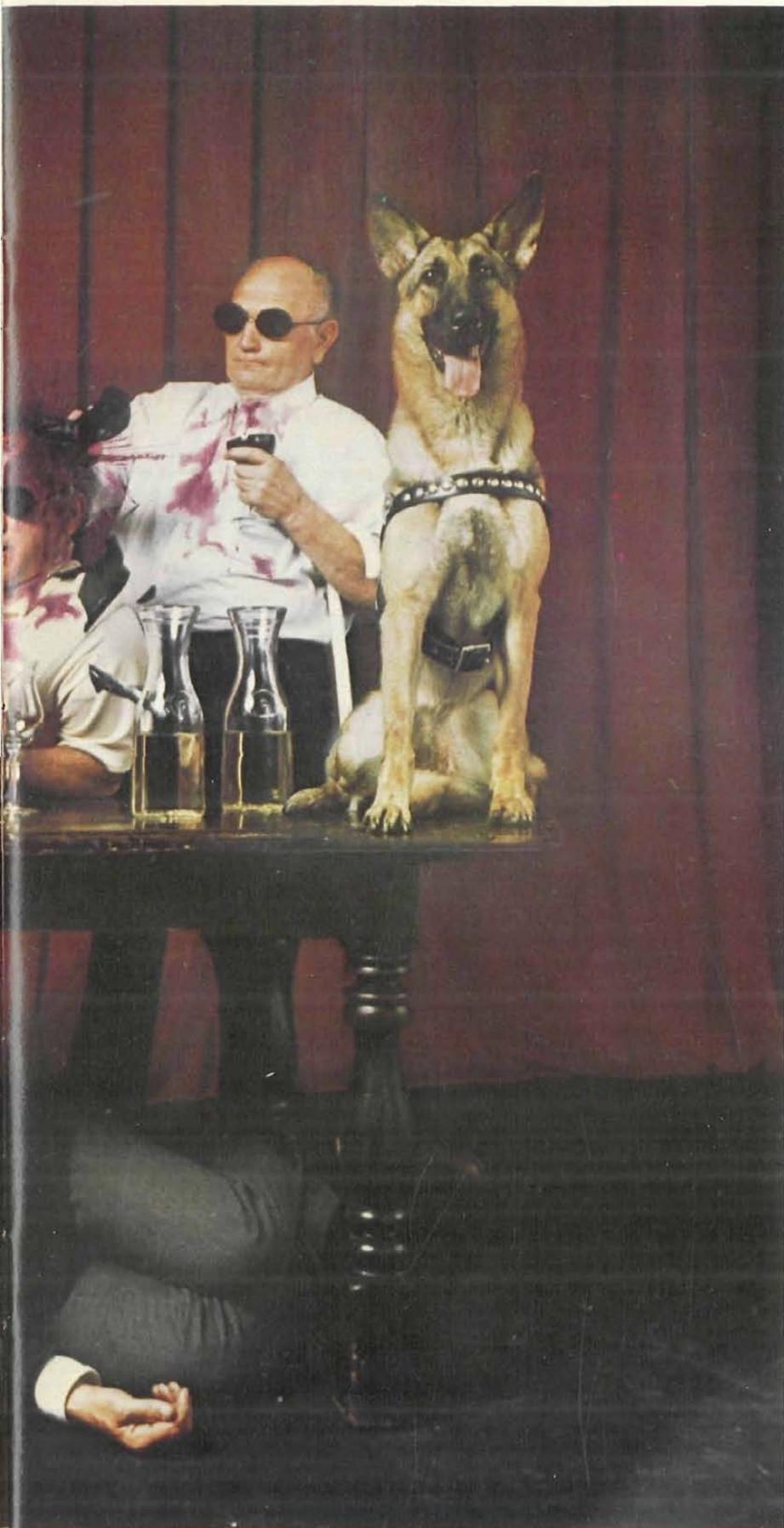
The whites were a '76 Charles Brut Pinot Chardonnay matched against a '75 Puligny-Montrachet of Ramonet; a Chenin Blanc '74 from Echo Mountain

vs. a '74 Meursault from Les Charmes; and a '76 Riesling of Pini Brothers against a '75 Pouilly-Fuissé from Louis Latour.

The wines had their labels removed, were put in carafes, and were coded, so that all the comparisons were "blind," with wines known only by their number. The wines were judged for their overall character, bouquet, breed, depth of flavor, finesse, delicacy, firmness, body, suppleness, clarity, richness, dryness, tannic content, roundness, balance, freshness, maturity, style, grace, honor, gentility, pedigree, nobility, loyalty, courage, and philosophical significance.

The results are on the following page.





The Results

The consensus among the experts was that most of the wines weren't sweet enough and lacked what is known in the trade as "kick." The California Cabernet Sauvignon was judged "fairly smooth, but sorta heavy;" however, it was more drinkable than its French equivalent. The Zinfandel and the Petit Sirah were "O.K.. if you like that kind of shit," and the same went for the French wines.

The whites fared even worse. Most of the experts rated the French wines as "sour" and compared them to vinegar. The California whites were a little better, but also tasted "funny" and "queer." Some even thought the Charles Brut Pinot Chardonnay "tasted like piss."

Overall, the California wines still emerged better in every category. In fact, the experts went even further than most tasters and offered their own personal favorites with the wines actually tasted. Aptly enough, all their favorites were also American wines. Their ratings, in no order of preference, were:

- Thunderbird
- Ripple
- Old Judge
- Wild Irish Rose
- Whiskey

Getting into Supercycle:

The Hot New Megatruth That Can Help You Make It Big

By Jeff Greenfield

“...We noticed that some people were always sleepy late at night...these same people were most alert around mid-morning...”

First came God; then came Marx; then came Freud. Late in the sixties, there was rock music, politics, light shows, yoga. Then came the seventies—meditation, jogging, peanut butter machines. Three weeks ago it was fresh basil. Monday morning it was Cuisinarts. At 11:30 today it was chocolate chip cookies.

Forget it. Throw them all away. They're ready for the toilet. They're ca-ca and do-do. The newest, hottest idea to hit the streets since crème fraîche is saving (and breaking) marriages and relationships from Amagansett to Trancas. It's making the careers of those who know, and ending the power trips of those who do not.

The concept, shaped and packaged by two young psychosociologist brothers from Aspen, Colorado, is called with stunningly understated elegance, *Supercycle*. To the uninitiated, it may sound like a Ringling Brothers high wire act. But to those who have gotten into it (Paula Prentiss, Halston, Martina Navratilova, Brenda Vaccaro, Barbara Howar, Reggie Jackson, Marisa Berenson, Red Buttons), *Supercycle* is quite simply the way to change your entire life—for the better.

What is *Supercycle*? According to founders Kevin and Corrin Maldefesse (Kevin's 31, Corrin's 29), *Supercycle* is “a way of looking at the things you do every day of your life—from the moment you wake up in the morning to the time you are in deepest sleep—and realizing that it is all part of a cycle. Each of us may be aware, dimly though it may be, of our own hidden patterns. This we call the *microcycle*. But when you look at the world with this concept—that's when you understand *Supercycle*. That's when you stop surviving and start living.”

Supercycle sprung into being way back in May, 1977, says Kevin, when he and Corrin were struggling over their doctoral theses at Aspen's Institute for Self-Delusion Therapy.

“We were just relaxing—goofing off, really, clock-watching, you might say—when I turned to Corrin—this must have been 7:30 or so in the evening—and said, ‘I'm hungry.’ ‘Funny,’ Corrin said, ‘so am I. In fact, most nights around this time I'm famished. This gave us the idea to begin watching people—friends, neighbors, students—to see if their personal habits followed a repetitive pattern.”

“Sure enough—we noticed some people always got sleepy late at night. These same people were most alert twelve to fifteen hours before the onset of sleep—around midmorning.”

“That's when we knew we were onto something,” interjects Corrin.

What they have done, in essence, is to break down daily activities into a series of cyclically recurring events.

These events, according to Corrin, include:

- The first daily consciousness of the body, or, in *Supercycle* jargon, *Rise and Shine!*
- The regular (once, twice, or three times daily) nutritional nourishment of the body, or *Repast*.
- The daily accomplishment of whatever labor is required for survival, or *Sweattime*.
- The recharging of the body through relaxation while conscious, or as *Supercycle* categorizes it, *At Ease!*
- The fulfillment of glandular desires of the body, or *The Hot Trots*.
- Kevin Maldefesse cites case histories to show how lives have been changed—“for the better,” he emphasizes—by *Supercycle*.

Take Lester Blatfarb, a 27-year-old Xerox trainee, who came to the *Supercycle* institute while on the verge of losing his job.

“Lester had everything,” says Kevin—“brains, energy, wit—but he could never make a sale. He did not realize that in his *microcycle*, *Sweattime* was from 1:00 to 5:00 A.M.; yet for most offices where Xerox sales are made, those hours are in

the midst of Blackout! No one ever answered Lester's calls, except at municipal morgues and the like, and his sales quotients were way down.

“We drilled Lester in *Supercycle*—when he finished our training, his sales figures jumped dramatically, and he is now a successful, full-time employee.”

Jennifer Michelle Boiardo had a more personal problem.

“Her Hot Trots always peaked at 6:00 P.M.,” says Corrin, “or about ten minutes after her husband came home from work and was at his peak *At Ease* period. He'd be sitting in an armchair watching the TV, drinking a Perrier and lime, and Jennifer would leap on his lap, pulling off her panties and groping for his fly. Frequently, she'd spill his drink all over him. He was so fed up, he was threatening to leave.”

The answer, according to Corrin, was to purchase a Stimula Personal Vibrator for Mrs. Boiardo, and for Mr. Boiardo to stop off at a neighborhood tavern for a quiet beer.

“Freeing Mrs. Boiardo to participate in Hot Trots while Mr. Boiardo could be *At Ease* down the block made both participants much happier, and they are now getting along quite well.” In fairness, he adds, a new problem may be developing, with Mr. Boiardo's Hot Trots coinciding with Mrs. Boiardo's Blackout!

“But it's nothing that can't be fixed by more *Supercycle* therapy,” Corrin says, smiling.

Already *Supercycle* is showing signs of becoming the dominant new discipline. The Maldefesse's book, *Supercycle!*, has been sold to the paperbacks for \$2.3 million, and NBC is developing a nine-part miniseries, which the network may play for twenty-four consecutive hours. The waiting list at Aspen is six months long.

“We're seriously thinking of franchises,” says Kevin. “But we're going to be very careful about it—the worst thing imaginable would be for somebody to take this tool and exploit it.”



Corn-fed couple: Time out for a Puligny-Montrachet before harvesting.

charms because they keep eating the cabbage patch that lines the dining room. But when he saw those darling little bunnies up close, his heart melted like butter, and he hung up his .22 over the intercom.

Then, there's our very own deer. We don't know *where* it came from—we certainly didn't stock it. Yale speculates it may have wandered up the service stairs from apartment 6E (they're into country life, too). Anyway, on certain nights, we turn out all the lights and we wait quietly, and sure enough, up shows this cute little Bambi from just nowhere, and nibbles on the living room drapes—it's a gay, leafy pattern we picked up at Bloomingdale's. She just loves the material. We watch her graze sometimes for an hour. Certainly beats the secondhand experience of watching Walt Disney wildlife on TV. Yale once took a flash picture of the deer. It nearly frightened the poor baby to death, and she bolted out of the door and into the incinerator room. We didn't see her again for a week.

The Bathroom

Yale: We had to make a tough decision about whether to leave our bathroom the way it was—a live-in luxury bathroom, mosaic tile, Italian marble fixtures and gleaming mirrors, sunken tub and Shower Massage by Water Pik. But when we got into indoor farming, I said: "Either we do it right, or not at all." Betsy agreed. So we tore out the bathroom, filled it with dirt, dug a hole, added a bag of lime, and stuck a plank with a hole over it. That half-moon design on the door—that's Betsy's touch—she asked our dear friend Robert Rauschenberg in to paint it as a favor. Don't knock it. Our bathroom door is worth a lot of money now. We're thinking of lending it to the Museum of Modern Art.

High-rise Farm Labor

Betsy: We've found that our friends are

more than willing to pitch in and help us keep the farm going. Usually after a hard day at the office, they'll drop in on their way home, slip on a pair of overalls, and start planting or crop dusting. Our building superintendent, Mr. Rodriguez, also works on a part-time basis, especially during planting and harvest season.

Yale: The real problem is at picking time. You know what help is in big cities these days. So we bring farm workers up from Georgia by Continental Trailways to give us a hand. Whole families of them come up—you should see them. Smelly, ill-clothed. We pitch a tent in the hayfield in the second bedroom, and they live there during the harvest. Sure we pay them peanuts. After all, they're living in a luxury high-rise, with a great view. Cesar Chavez—the lettuce guy—found out about us and tried to organize a high-rise farmworkers union. But he couldn't get past our doorman. The security in our building is marvelous. ■

Air Trekking: The Colorado Way of Life

By Todd Carroll

“...We somehow transcended the role of mere usurper—purposefully accessing air to our physical beings, applying it to our lives...”

On October 18-22, 1977, Steve Thompson, Michael Barker, Cheryl Conterno, Tim Brown, and Jan Barnett covered 23 miles of Colorado's most challenging air country, en route to the spectacular state air preserve at Independence Pass. The following is excerpted from a journal kept by the group.

Day One:

We made our final gear check twelve miles from the head of the Clear River on the Park Service road beneath Aztec Ridge. By mid-morning, most of us were already experiencing air. Wondering what new and unusual breezes lay ahead; anticipating the “Big Air” at Independence Pass.

The Ridge air, characteristically, is light and elusive; almost fleeting in texture. Steve and Cheryl breathed continuously far into the night, while the rest tapered off shortly after sundown so they might come on a little more gradually. It was a good, contemplative kind of air, subtly priming us for other air we knew would come.

Day Two:

We made it to the east end of Silver Valley. A very tricky place: just when we thought we had lost our touch with it, wow!...air surrounded us like a blanket. Indeed, a rather tentative air, yet surprisingly arrogant and full-bodied.

Jan spent the morning preparing our first ration of air fruit—natural apples and nectarines set out in the open, outdoor air for an hour or so on each side,

cut open, and eaten between breaths. Fabulous.

Day Three:

We deviated from our original plan to graze the popular air just above Aspen, and instead veered south toward a more rugged and uncharted brand of air found near Grange Creek. Here, air was virtually everywhere, simply waiting to be inhaled for the asking. Everybody was feeling good. Mike wrote in his personal air log: “...Figure we have taken in 75,000 cubic feet of air so far—but we've got a long way to go. Observed several natural deer breathe, and envied their everyday closeness to the air.” That evening, we built a healthy, air-fed fire in a natural, open clearing, and watched the flames breathe.

Day Four:

By now, our trek had arrived at a new plateau of air consciousness. We were all inhaling freely, effortlessly; almost by second nature. At one with our air.

We began to feel as if we somehow transcended the role of mere usurper—purposefully accessing air to our physical beings; applying it to our lives.

At last we came upon the vast chasms of atmosphere preceding Independence Pass and its awesome, incalculable bounty of true oxygen- and nitrogen-drenched air. We spent the entire day breathing.

Day Five:

This was the day of the “Big Air!” Om-

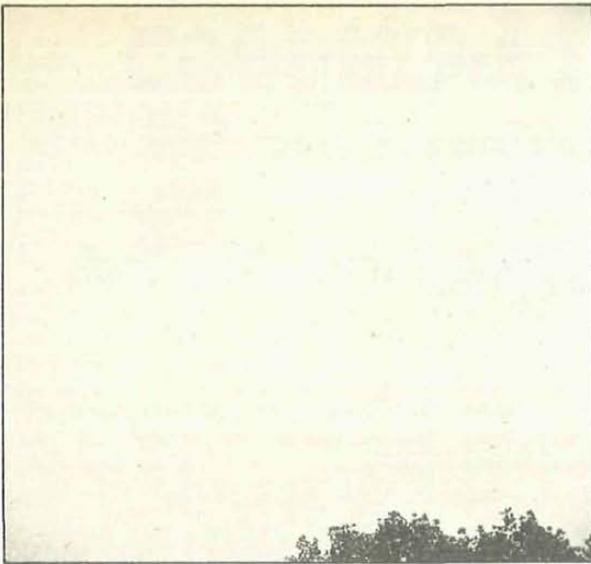
nipresent. Indefatigable. Humbling. Each breath along our natural Colorado air path seemed to have been readying us for this matchless concentration of air. On the one hand, we felt as if we'd earned the privilege to be there; but on the other, we remained somewhat uncertain of our worthiness.

Slowly, we inhaled. Short, staccato breaths at first, soon building toward deep, full, proud portions. We began to walk in it, and let it flow through our hair. Mike and Tim lay on the ground so air would drift all over them.

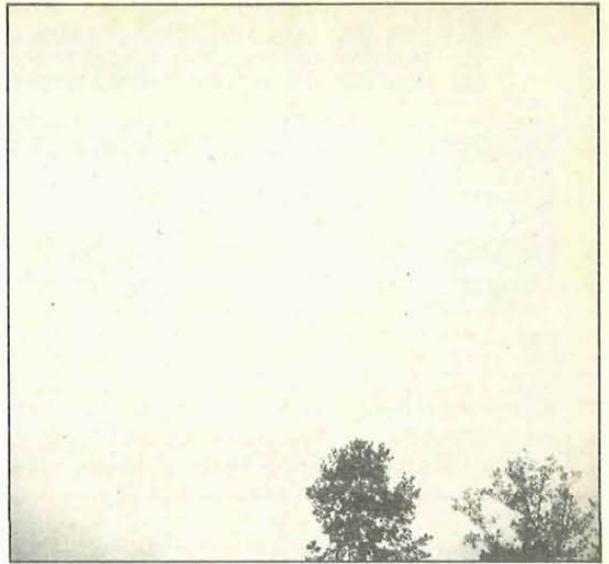
This is what Colorado air trekking is all about. Trillions of tons of air for those who thrive on it; for those who need air every single minute of their lives to survive, and to feel real good. ■

Redwood Air Tub

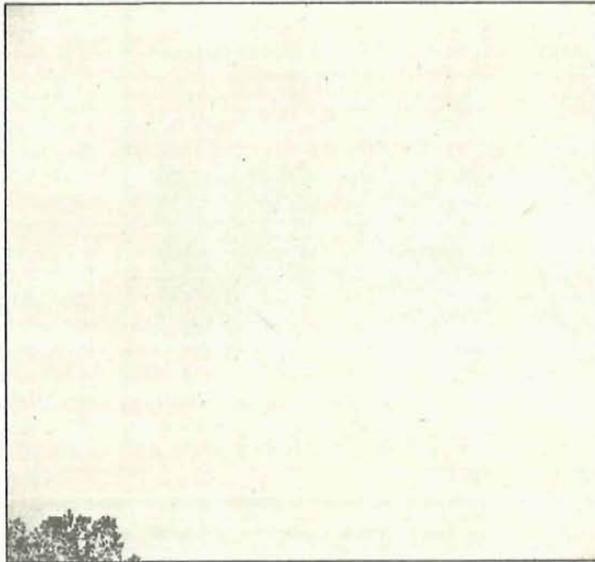
If you can't get to the summit for your fresh Colorado air, you can certainly breathe it easily and naturally in an air tub. The Colorado Natural Corporation has designed a redwood air tub that uses only Rocky Mountain style natural air. It comes with a custom air deck, air level and temperature indicators, and a patented “Air Lick” attachment that channels excess air to a special trough for the animals nearby. Other tubs and air selections are available from: Colorado Natural Corp., No. 1 Outdoor Rd., Airdale, Colorado. Prices start at \$199.50.



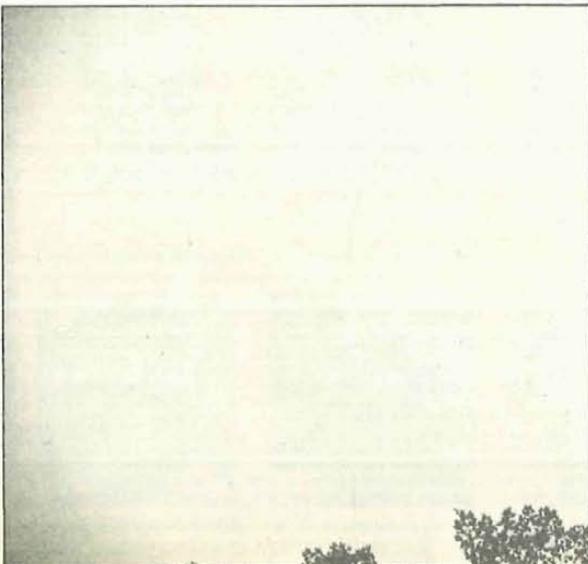
Aztec Ridge: *The air was light and elusive.*



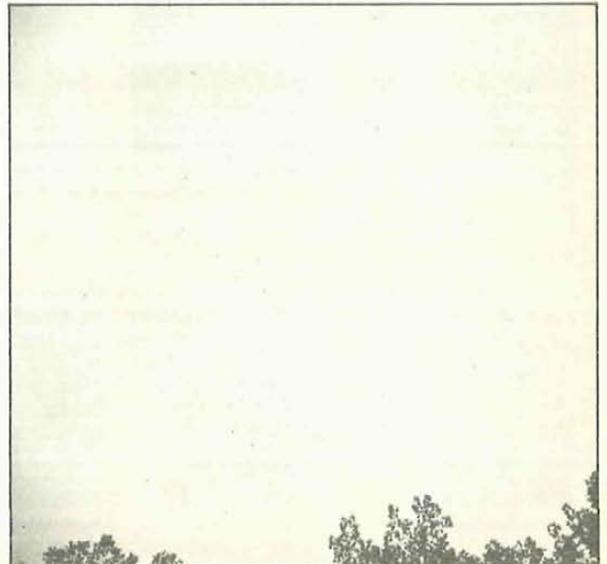
Silver Valley: *Surprisingly arrogant and full-bodied air.*



Grange Creek: *A rugged and uncharted brand of air.*



Day Four: *Air just before the "Big Air."*



Independence Pass: *A matchless concentration of air.*

The National Lampoon Negro Olympics

Eight Experts Select the Best Negroes in New York

By Gerald Sussman

"...The judges...seemed to prefer Negroes who were not a sexual threat...not the ones who tasted too hot and spicy.."

If you're going to cultivate a truly sophisticated lifestyle, you've got to know a lot more than just where to find the best pastrami, pizza, and cheesecake in New York. You've got to know where to find the best *people*. After the thumping success of our "Where to Find the Best Jews in New York" article last month, it was logical to turn to another minority group—those of the Negro persuasion. As usual, we've made life easy for you by doing all the work. We searched and tested and judged all over the city until we found the ten tippy-top best Negroes of all. Read on.

The Ground Rules

First, we decided to choose only male Negroes. No chauvinism intended. We hope to judge female Negroes in a future issue. Second, since we had at least a half million people to choose from, we

had to narrow down our candidates to specific fields. We agreed to choose only those Negroes in the public eye—from the entertainment, sports, or political worlds. And, of course, our choices were restricted to those Negroes who reside in New York. (See box, page 51.)

Despite the generally favorable impressions, there were still many highly touted Negroes who got the thumbs down vote. Basketball star Walt Frazier of the New York Knicks was considered "too flashy." Other comments were, "All texture and no real flavor;" "No commitment to anything or anybody but himself."

Former Manhattan borough president Percy Sutton was also rejected. "Too smooth...a real slickster;" "An oily taste...no body, no texture." But there was a generally unanimous decision about the top two, Bobby Short and John Lewis.

Bobby Short was our judges' first choice—the number one Negro in New York. "He's cute and cuddly, but also very sophisticated and just sassy enough without being a pain," said one judge. "He can keep up a lively conversation about a lot of topics without getting too highfalutin!" said another. The judges also loved Short's smooth texture and piquant taste, almost Creole in its levels of flavors. Short is a snappy dresser, a "hell of a singer," and gave the judges the feeling that he was still just "one of the folks." "a guy you wouldn't mind having as your next door neighbor;" "Someone who probably pitches in with the dishes and even helps you clean up the house." Short scored a 9.2 average.

John Lewis, former music director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, impressed the judges with his quiet demeanor and intelligence, as well as with his solid fashion sense. They also liked the fact that

Browns for Comparison—the Winners



9.2

*Bobby Short—
Café singer,
recording artist*



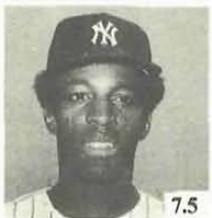
8.9

*John Lewis—
Jazz pianist, composer*



8.2

*Count Basie—
Jazz bandleader*



7.5

*Willie Randolph—
Baseball player,
New York Yankees*



7.2

*Ben Vereen—
Dancer-singer,
Broadway musicals*



6.9

*James Baldwin—
Novelist*



6.8

*Nate Archibald—
Basketball player,
New York Nets*



5.5

*John Johnson—
Newscaster*



5.0

*Dizzie Gillespie—
Jazz musician*



3.2

*Harry Belafonte—
Singer, recording artist*

he played the piano in a soft, delicate manner. "He'd never keep us up at night if he were our neighbor," said a judge. Lewis reminded them more of a stockbroker or a lawyer than a jazz musician. They also preferred his subtle, slightly smoky flavor, which reminded them of first editions, firesides, pipes and slippers—a comfortable taste.

Third place went to Count Basie, the famous bandleader. Obviously there was a liking for short, cuddly types, well over forty, with strong flavors. Basie was the essence of soul flavors—*earthy*, *lip-smacking*, and *satisfying* were some of the adjectives used to describe him. Even though Basie was not very articulate, what he did say was "to the point," "full of folk wisdom."

Although the judges wouldn't admit it, they seemed to prefer the kind of Negro who they felt was not a sexual threat—the cute, cuddly Teddy bear type. Harry Belafonte, a tremendously attractive man and a great entertainer, scored a surprisingly low 3.2—possibly because the judges found his overt sexuality threatening. Also, they thought Belafonte tasted too hot and spicy, probably due to his West Indian background.

The next plateau gave us four closely ranked contestants who are all very slender, as opposed to the chubbies. Willie Randolph, second baseman of the New York Yankees, scored a 7.5 and was considered a "fine all-around gentleman with a lot of poise for his age and a nice clean taste." Ben Vereen, the Broadway musical star of *Pippin*, impressed everyone with his ability to sing folk songs in nine different languages as well as the entire Rosh Hashanah prayers in Hebrew. James Baldwin, the novelist, scored a hefty 6.9 despite his reputation as spokesman for black separation and other unpopular causes. "He's tiny and cute and probably harmless," said one approving judge. Nate Archibald, the slender, boyish guard of the New York Nets, was well-liked for his modesty and work with neighborhood youth gangs. He also had a pleasant taste. One judge pronounced him "utterly delicious."

The last three on the list were John Johnson, the newscaster of "ABC Eyewitness News," Dizzie Gillespie, the jazz trumpeter, and the aforementioned Harry Belafonte. Johnson, a handsome, articulate, *concerned* newscaster, had the same problem as Belafonte—he's too sexy. Gillespie was one of the best-liked contestants—a delightful raconteur with a sly wit. But the judges felt he was always putting them on. He also resisted the taste tests, claiming he was too ticklish to be bitten.

Other prominent Negroes who were rejected were Miles Davis ("If he had a gun with him, he would have shot us all"), Geoffrey Holder ("Too tall," "Looks like a freak") and Shirley Chisholm ("Looks more like a woman than a man").

Our Panel of Experts



Rabbi Judah Teitelbaum, a member of the ultraorthodox Hasidic sect, who lives in a mixed Jewish-Negro section of Brooklyn. Rabbi Teitelbaum's Ad Hoc Vigilante Anti-crime Defense League has frequent dealings with Negroes.



Bernard Finkelstein, one of the leading slum landlords of the city. Mr. Finkelstein was happy to act as a judge even though he could not be reached by phone or mail, and had to use his nephew Ronald as a go-between.



Deputy Chief of Detectives Michael O'Feeney, a thirty-year veteran of Manhattan's police department, who started as a patrolman in Harlem and has covered that area for many years in the homicide division.



"Mr. X," one of the top fences in New York, who of course must remain nameless. Mr. X does daily business with many Negroes and knows quite a few.



Ralph Esposto, owner of R & G Wines and Spirits, a liquor store on the Upper West Side of Manhattan with a large Negro clientele.



John DeVoe, a Cadillac salesman who sells a high proportion of his cars to Negroes.



Helen Johnson, a welfare caseworker who usually works in Negro neighborhoods and is an expert on welfare mothers.



Dr. Betty Hammer, an intern at Bellevue Hospital, who has treated many Negroes in the emergency ward.

How We Judged

The judges were asked to rate a carefully screened group of Negroes on a zero to ten scale. The criteria used for judging were the same we used for the Jews—looks, intelligence, wit, talent, style, personality, and flavor. The Negroes were given intensive interviews. Then the judges were blindfolded for the taste tests. Each Negro was tasted and judged for overall flavor, texture, body, and aroma. In some cases, the Negroes were asked to perform their specialties or show film clips of their performances. Thirty finalists were narrowed down to ten, who were then asked to return for final taste tests and to do ten minutes of any material of their choosing.

The Results

Overall, the judges were quite impressed with the contestants and had a difficult time choosing the winner, because everyone had a "terrific personality," was "a great talent," and "tasted fine!" All the finalists were considered "very nice" and no one got lower than a three, which proves that Negroes can be as acceptable as anyone when they're successful, good-looking, talented, witty, charming, and taste good.

No Chevy Jokes, Please... This Chevy Is Going Full Throttle to Stardom

By Gerald Sussman

“...I’m learning to cope since I’ve converted to Judaism...the Jewish trip is keeping me sane...”

He lives on the second floor of a five-story walk-up in New York’s Greenwich Village, but he loves to walk up to the fifth floor and back down again to his apartment. “I just dig the idea of an actor living on the top floor of a five-story walk-up, so I walk up to the fifth floor and back down to my floor every time.” If this statement had come from anyone else, he would be certifiably insane; but this is Chevy Chase speaking, the zaniest comedian in show business since Charlie Chaplin.

Chase lives in a smoked salmon and white stucco mission-style house in Topanga Canyon, high atop Hollywood, with a view of the flickering lights and buzzing freeways. In the foyer of this still unfinished home is a Honda motorcycle, a pasta-making machine, and an iron maiden torture device (a gift from mistress Carly Simon). Chase was in the kitchen eating a fried egg that looked like a fake plastic fried egg. It was a fake plastic fried egg.

Exactly one year ago, Chevy Chase was eating real fried eggs and slinging them at his pals while working as a waiter at Jimmy Allen’s, a restaurant that houses the haves and have-nots of the acting world. Today Chase can afford plastic eggs and real Virginia ham as he presides over a burgeoning empire in his modest West Hollywood apartment that also functions as his office.

In his suite at the Sherry-Netherlands, Chase is on three phones at once. A steady stream of visitors come and go, bringing his favorite Tibetan foods. He

converses briskly with his two personal managers, a secretary, a publicist, a business manager, a lawyer, and a power broker. Two stunning young women, one very blond, one very dusky, walk into the room wearing next to nothing, rubbing their sleepy eyes and asking for fresh coconuts. Chase barely acknowledges them as they bite his buttocks.

Today, Chase is on his way to becoming a full-time industry. His Malibu home is a combination office-studio-pleasure dome. He is a highly merchandisable product. His face is everywhere—records, TV, movies, cab stickers. He is on his way to becoming TV’s hottest new star as Vinnie Barbetta, the cocky Italian high school student in ABC’s new comedy hit, “Welcome Home, Ferenczi,” the story of a slightly dotty Freudian psychiatrist who takes a job as a counselor in a slum high school.

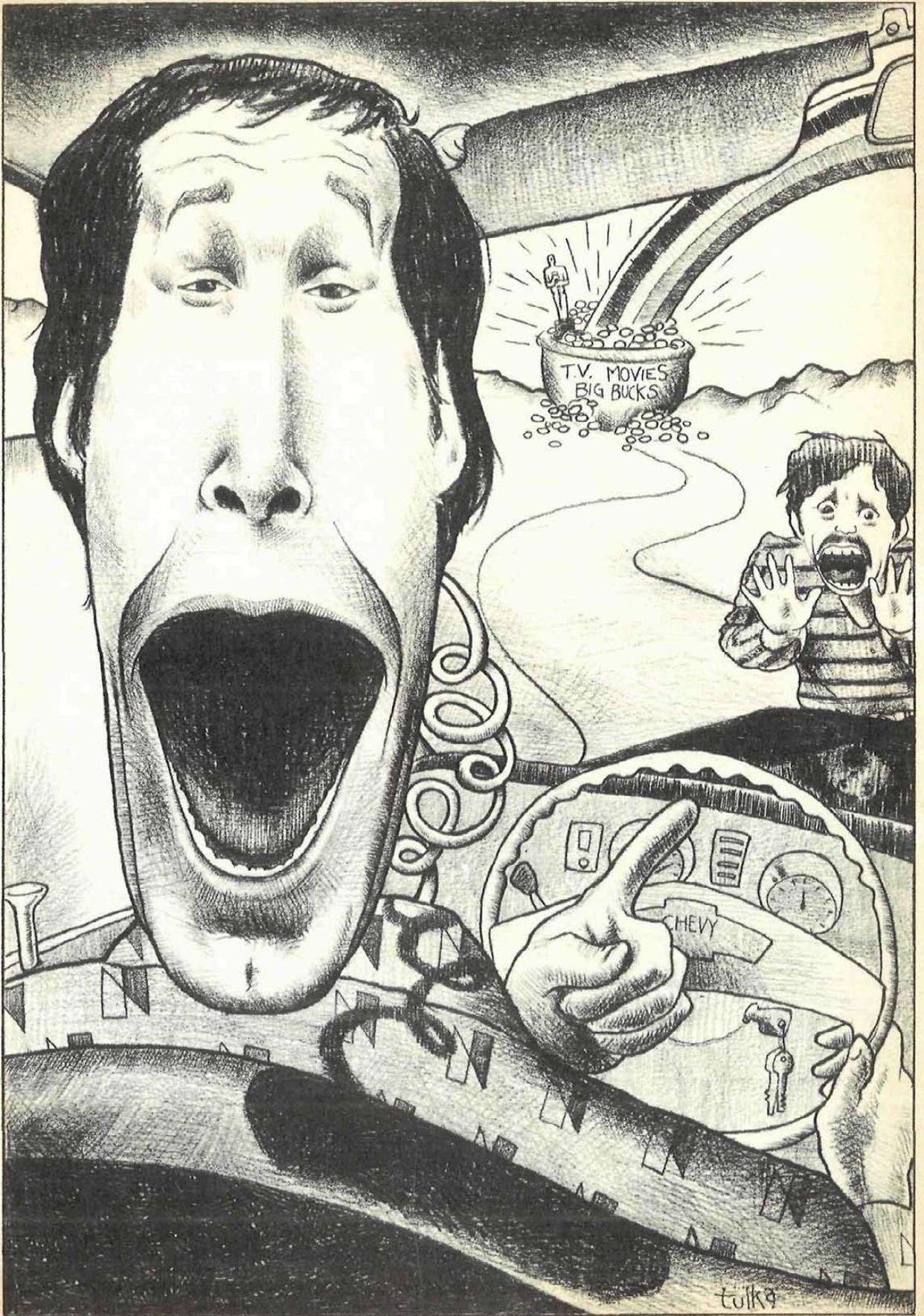
“Vinnie is a part of me,” said Chase in a rare moment of relaxation in his new, recently bought Palm Springs condominium. “I didn’t grow up in the slums, but I had the same feelings he had. You know, being trapped, insecure, shy underneath all that bravado. If Vinnie had lived in a nice suburb, he could have been a Mozart, a Picasso, a Paul McCartney. Instead, he has to hide his real feelings under a mask of cockiness.”

While Chase was taking a shower with girl friends Barbara Parkins, Carol Lynley, and Sue Lyon, we talked to his producer, Aaron Tinker, in the living room of Chase’s Japanese-style home in La Jolla, an hour and a half from Los

Angeles. “At first, the part of Vinnie was just a simple hoodlum. But Chevy changed him into a beautiful character because he made him *vulnerable*. He deepened the character, gave him a lot of complexity for a kid on a half hour sit-com. That’s because Chevy is complex and vulnerable, too. As an actor, he has the potential to be another Brando, a DeNiro. The kid scares me.”

The old question arises: will success spoil and corrupt Chase? “I’m learning to cope since I’ve converted to Judaism,” he said. “I’m very much into old-style orthodox Judaism, like they used to practice in the *shiets* of Poland during the turn of the century. Not that *Fiddler on the Roof* shit, but the real thing. I *daven* three times a day. *Daven* means “pray” in Yiddish. I really relate to Yiddish. It’s a very funny yet profound language. The Jewish trip is really keeping me sane.” (Chase wanted to grow a beard and wear a skullcap as part of his orthodox beliefs, but lost a bitter court battle with ABC, who thought this would conflict with the character of Vinnie Barbetta.)

Despite his incredible success, Chase still lives with his mother, a hard-working pork butcher, in Marine Midlands, New Jersey. He commutes to Hollywood by train and is usually home every weekend, where he helps out in the store. “I don’t actually cut any meat. I just make a few deliveries and fool around a little. You know, chat with the customers, make a few jokes, pretend I’m a pig.”



Busting out of Suburbia: How One Family Threw It All Away and Got Back to Basics on Their Own Island

By Danny Abelson

“...By now, the children...are accustomed to bleeding gums and infections that do not heal...”

At five A.M. it is bitterly cold on the Isle of Rock, especially if you are a pampered North American journalist unused to foraging in icy water for seaweed. I feel a mixture of awe and horror at Gerry Greene's ability to simultaneously withstand this physical discomfort and talk enthusiastically about the changes in his lifestyle that have brought him and his family all the way from an affluent Westchester suburb to a life of bitter hardship in the Orkney Islands.

“It's all a matter of priorities,” he begins, shouting to be heard above the thunderous surf. “Back there, my priorities were fairly typical and completely ar-

tificial. I was just another successful rodent on an inside track—the hundred grand house, the orthodontia for the kids, the Caribbean vacation every winter, the right Gucci briefcase, Picasso litho, you name it. Know what my priorities are now?” I shake my head. “There are only two. Firstly, seaweed. That's number one. Then comes number two, which is more seaweed. If we stopped collecting it, we'd die. That's real life priorities for you.”

Later that morning, Gerry looks up at the pale sun that is beginning to seep through the low gray clouds and gives a short, derisive laugh. “Eight o'clock,” he

says, shaking his head slowly. “Know what those poor slob's are doing? They're standing on a station platform exercising their ulcers over some bullshit quarterly quota while their wives knock back a morning pick-me-up before heading out to spend their husbands' money buying a decent fuck from an expensive tennis pro. It depresses me to even think about it!”

Listening to the former investment counselor, I am struck by the determination and enthusiasm he continues to bring to an experiment in living that has been anything but easy. By all accounts, there have been few of the family's



photo by Sarah Orenski

From Scarsdale: “Just another rodent on an inside track.”

“...Mandy still wakes up sobbing from nightmares about the family’s first vacation from the island...”

eighteen months on Rock that have not seen their share of disappointments and setbacks. Supplies failed to arrive. Early attempts at cultivation were disastrously unsuccessful. The island peat proved to be woefully inadequate fuel. Food could not be cooked properly, and within two months, the entire family had severe dysentery. The perpetual cold led to bronchial infections that were compounded by malnutrition.

By now, the children—Mandy, eleven, and Chris, nine—are accustomed to bleeding gums and infections that do not heal. Even more remarkably, they perform their virtually endless round of tasks with listless but uncomplaining obedience.

I discuss this with Gerry’s wife, Lisa, who strikes me as the less committed of the two adult Greenes. Among other things we talk about is the vacation the family took some months ago, an episode that has not been mentioned before. Lisa’s voice breaks with emotion as she recounts the story of their first holiday from Rock. The experience began well enough with the building of a raft and the trip out to Gryppe, the nearest island in the Orkney chain. The return trip, however, turned into a nightmare when heavy seas broke up the raft. Gerry narrowly escaped drowning trying unsuccessfully to retrieve lost sup-

plies. And the four days that followed before their rescue by a Norwegian fishing boat were spent without food and almost no water. Mandy still wakes up sobbing from terrifying nightmares about the experience, though Gerry has told the family that he considers it the first “real holiday” the four Greenes have ever taken *together*.

It is clear to me that Lisa feels deeply ambivalent about the move. In response to my gentle prying, she begins to voice some of these feelings, talking about the busy routine of her life in Scarsdale, a routine she remembers as demanding but rewarding, especially the time that she had for herself, for seeing friends, relaxing, and pursuing her interests. “I know that the children were being taught artificial values, but now they’re too exhausted to be taught any. And they’re terribly lonely, being half the population of the...” Her voice trails off as footsteps approach. Gerry and the children enter with loaded baskets of seaweed. They unharness each other, and the children gratefully flop down on sleeping mats. Gerry joins the discussion.

“My wife telling you about her life of deprivation?” he asks, seeing Lisa’s teary eyes. “Don’t worry, precious, we’re having your tennis pro shipped in real soon.” I sense a deep wound beneath his

flippant teasing, and decide to change the subject by asking them if they remember the moment when they decided to make the move. Gerry remembers it well.

“There we were, my wife and I and the two couples who were our closest friends. We were sitting in the usual well-appointed living room after the usual excellent dinner, and as I was leaning across the usual Danish coffee table to take the usual brandy snifter, I suddenly thought—‘Hey, who needs this?’ It was that simple.”

There is a long silence after Gerry finishes talking. For a few moments, it seems that everything the Greenes have left behind is with us in the small mud-walled shelter. The peat smoke drifts up the walls, the children lie, open-eyed but quite still, on the floor, and the three of us at the table sit silently, each thinking about Scarsdale and Rock and the lonely sound of the waves crashing against the cliffs far below. I know that I will leave soon to return to New York, and I know also that it will not be easy to write about this dramatic experiment in lifestyles.

Then, as if on cue, Lisa and I rise from the table, she to tend the cauldron of seaweed which hangs above the smoky fire, me to pack my things for the journey home. ■



To Rock: “Real life priorities ...seaweed, and more seaweed.”

Orgasmic Backlash

Pain and Suffering of the Over-Stimulated

By John Hughes

“...Doctors are trying to snap the chain of 50 million orgasms that Lola has experienced...with the controversial ‘revulsion therapy’...”

Lola

Lola was an attractive, flaxen-haired legal secretary. She had just turned 23. One night last August, Lola made love to three men on a waterbed using a device known as a “love bomb.” Lola experienced one overwhelming orgasm after another after another. A roommate returned home 48 hours later and found Lola trying to force a pound of bacon into her vagina. She was in an orgasmic coma.

Today, Lola is on the fifth floor of Evanston Hospital in Evanston, Illinois. She is strapped in a spread-eagle position to a bed; her hands are sheathed in eighteen-ounce boxing gloves, and cold packs are pressed against her genital area. Every hour she receives a shot of Novocain in the pubic region. Doctors are trying desperately to snap the chain of nearly 50 million orgasms that Lola has had since going into the coma.

Orgasmic coma is the term used by Dr. Herbert Ross of Evanston Hospital, the leading expert in the field of chronic orgasm, to describe Lola’s sickness. Another description for it is simple hypersexual stimulation. It is brought about by frequent exposure to explicit sexual

material and high-intensity sexual activity. The genitals and the portion of the brain dealing with sexuality are forced into an “automatic” condition in which the two areas stimulate one another, independent of all other systems.

Jim

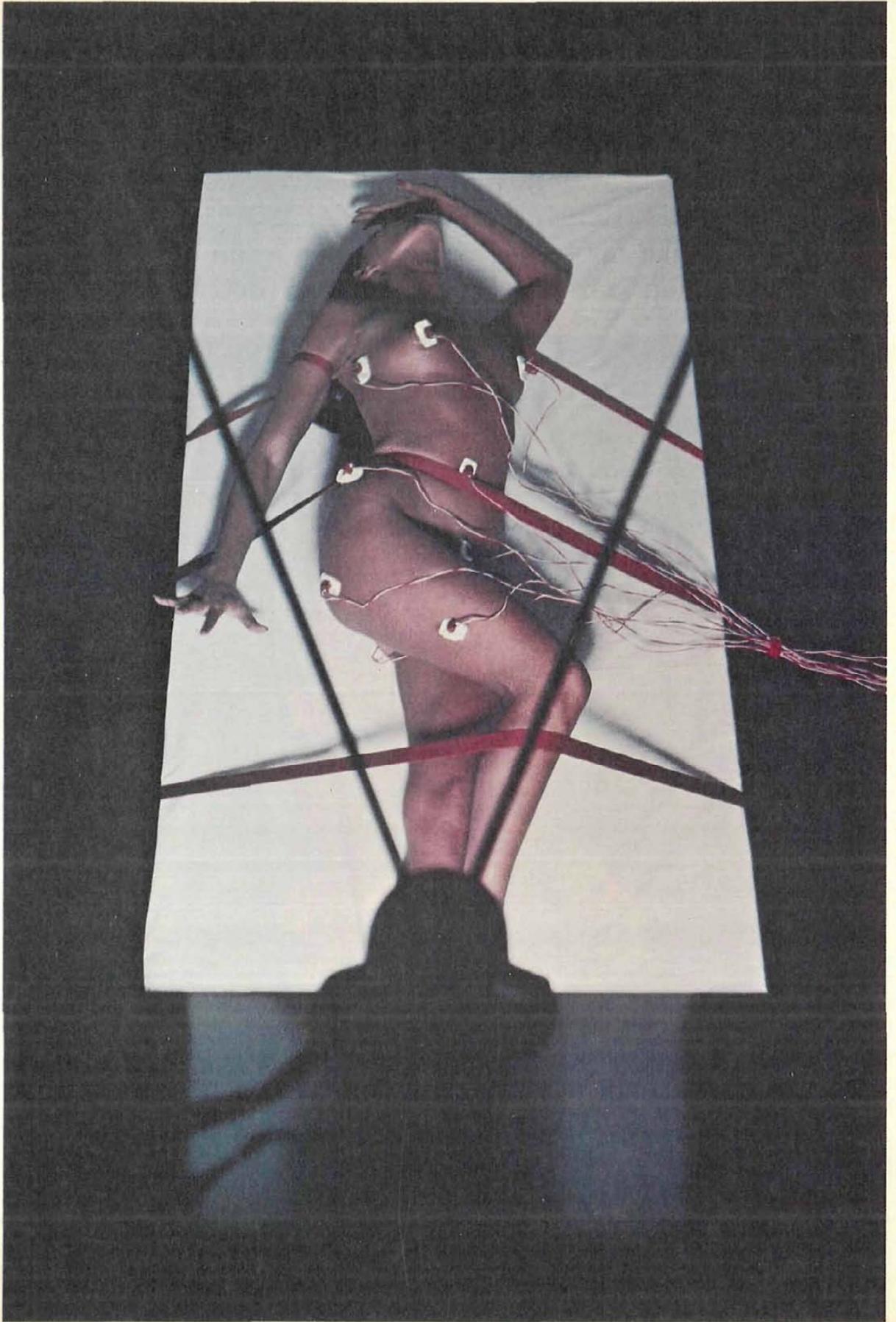
Jim was a healthy, 20-year-old truck driver with a wife and four children, who read through a stack of pornographic magazines and viewed an 8mm film from Copenhagen. Jim went into an orgasmic coma, and since he was admitted to the hospital eleven months ago, he has ejaculated 14 million times. “The male suffers to a greater degree than the female,” Dr. Ross explains. “The male orgasm involves ejaculation of fluid. To replenish this fluid every 30 seconds causes severe strain on the testicles as well as the heart and the circulatory system. We have had to insert a tube into Jim’s seminal duct to provide fluid for ejaculation.”

The only effective method of dealing with this new problem is a controversial treatment called *revulsion therapy*. The object is to make sex unappealing, to “turn off” the patient by presenting him or her

with negative sexual symbols, and forcing him/her to participate in revolting sexual activity. “We hope to induce a state of frigidity in the female and impotence in the male,” Dr. Ross said.

Lola’s EEG changes significantly when a 70-year-old man (recruited from Chicago’s Skid Row area) places his penis on her forehead. “Lola will be ready for hog treatment very soon,” Dr. Ross says. Jim, however, is showing no change while viewing a film featuring nuns urinating. “Jim is in a more serious condition. As a male, he is less inhibited and more comfortable with sex, and the degree to which he can derive sexual stimulation from situations is far greater. I think in Jim’s case we may have to go the black homosexual gang rape route—although he may like that, too.”

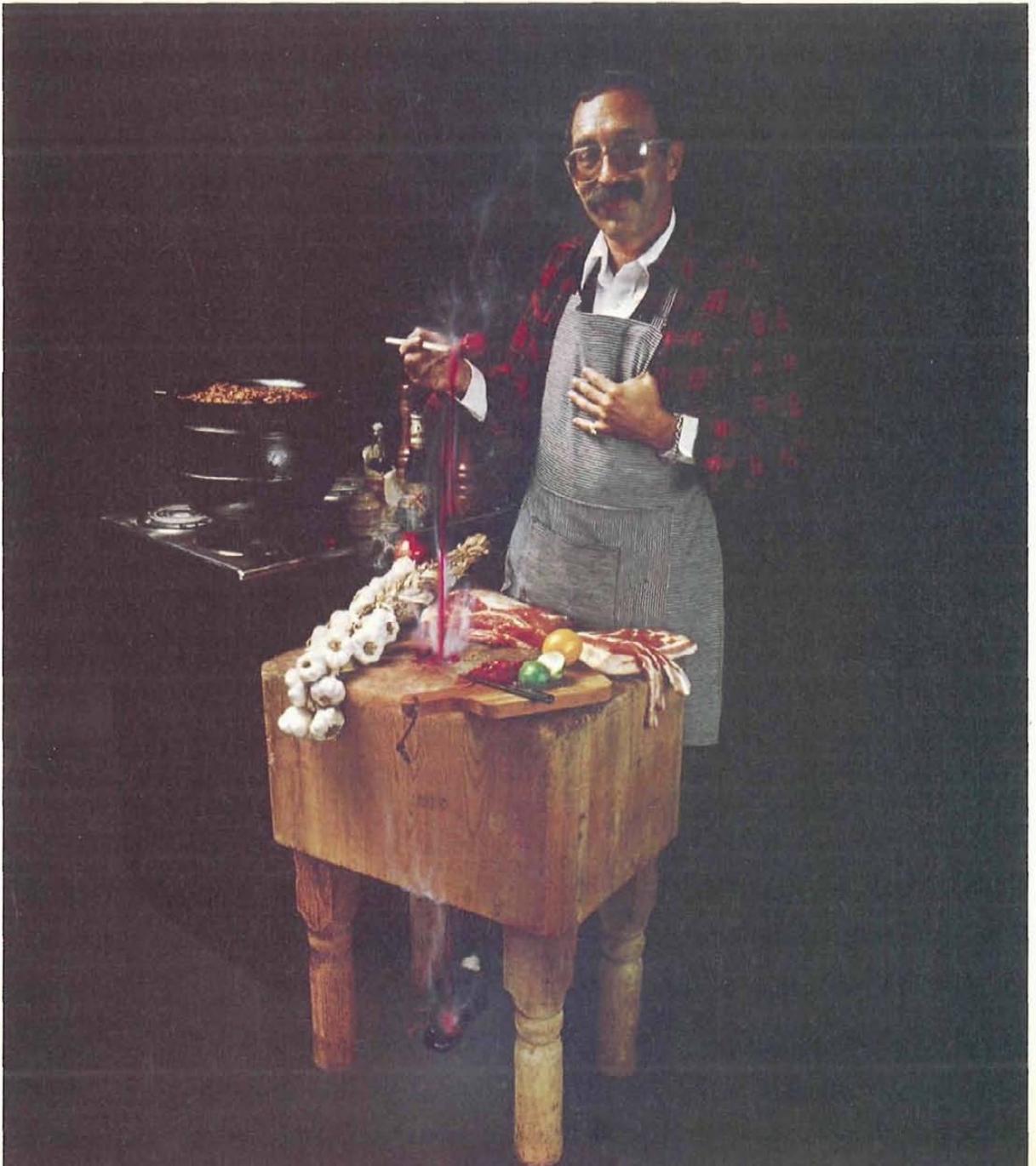
Dr. Ross and his associates are predicting a long period of “sexual gloom” will follow our era of sexual freedom. “The price for a decade of fun,” Dr. Ross says, “will be more orgasmic comas, more vago-collapse, more rectal seizures, more tongue failure, more cases of hyperextension of the clitoris and testicles. To be very honest, if we do not do something very soon to curb this ravenous sexual appetite of ours, we could very well become a nation of mink.” ■



On Chili: The Last Word

By Ellis Weiner

“...If you don't like my recipe, you can open a can of corned beef hash and stick it up your nose, because you don't deserve any better...”



Sit down. Shut up. Put out whatever you are smoking, put down whatever you are drinking. Pay attention. Not "soon," not "after I finish this article." Now. Do you think I'm joking? Try me.

After years of subjecting my palate, digestion, and health to every sort of abuse and insult labeled, either out of ignorance, innocence, or malice, "chili," I have found the ultimate recipe for that dish—yes, the one with the beans and the meat, you fool, the one more correctly called *chili con carne*. Don't carp with me. I haven't the time or the inclination to play games with you; and the first reader who feels pleased with him- or herself for knowing that *chili con carne* means, in English, "chili peppers with meat," may rest assured that he or she is a Mongoloid nitwit of the first water, to be shunned by anyone with an ounce of intelligence or discrimination.

Stop laughing. Shut up, sit down and shut up.

Chili is, as you presumably know, a mixture of beef and other meats, heavily spiced with cumin, oregano, red pepper, garlic, and salt, all of which is available in a mixture called *chili powder*. The dish gets its name, not from the South American country whose absurd experiment in democratic socialism suffered the fate it so richly deserved, but from the well-known *chili pepper*, a green or red pepper commonly used in Mexican cooking and its Americanized bastard offspring, the so-called "Tex-Mex" dishes.

I know you know all this. Please, if it is not asking too much, please attempt to curb your impulses to posture and snort impatiently, and allow me to present this recipe in my own way. If this text is over your head, then why don't you put down the magazine, climb into your wretched lime green Ford Pinto, and tool on off to any one of the several billion McDonald's outlets near where you live, work, or breathe. I am certain you will find their "Big Mac" sandwich suitable fare for your boorish palate. Or do you think a palate is something upon which a painter mixes his oils? Why then, perhaps, in your case, that's true! What do you think of that?

Then again, if you happen to have a copy of last Sunday's newspaper lying about the house or apartment, why don't you leave the authentic preparation and consumption of fine foods to the rest of us, and prepare what I have called a "Mock Big Mac," or if you must yield to the temptation to neologize, a "Big Mock." Simply spread an ungodly amount of commercially prepared mayonnaise over any or all of the newspaper (judge quantity according to your hunger), add dash commercially prepared ketchup (not *catsup*, which is more properly a phrase meaning "feline dine," as in the statement, "We were watching the cat sup.") and, at your option, sprinkle with one teaspoon commer-

cially prepared pickle relish. You will discover, to your no doubt crudely-expressed delight, that you have created what to nine idiots out of ten is a perfectly acceptable substitute for an authentic Big Mac. And this at a fraction of the cost of the real item. In any event, go, and never glance at my column again. I don't want you, I don't like you. You don't like me. I know that perfectly well. So be it. Now, please. Go away.

Where were we...? Chili. Please note that it is not only the chili pepper that makes the chili con carne hot: no, what also gives this sublime, robust dish its snap and burn is a combination of cayenne, black pepper, and other auxiliary hotteners such as tabasco sauce and crushed red pepper. To be sure, there are hot chili peppers, and please note their inclusion in the recipe below. Also remember that the distinctive aroma and tingly richness of chili powder is contributed, not by the peppers therein, but by the ground cumin. Fanciers of Indian cuisine will nod knowingly at this.

Note also that there is no mention of beans. Canned, institutional, and other Cro-Magnon forms of chili do feature beans, and usually at the expense of the meat content. Let it be stated forthwith: beans are to chili what potatoes are to fish cakes, i.e., filler. Eschew beans, and likewise eschew potatoes, pasta, noodles, rice, macaroni, and any other starchy thickener you may feel this recipe "needs." It "needs" nothing. Follow it or ignore it, and content yourself with whatever godawful Hormel stew concoction or fast-food Taco Pronto nightmare you can find, and to hell with you.

1 lb. chunked round top tip sirloin flank segments (also called "Saratoga filet club steaks" or "Delmonico shoulder ribeye London luncheon slabs")

1 lb. loin center cut pork chops

4 whole fresh tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and diced

1 tsp. ground cumin

1 tsp. crushed oregano

1 tsp. salt

1 tsp. freshly ground black pepper

1 tbsp. mild Peruvian chili powder

1 tbsp. medium New Mexico chili powder

1 tbsp. Hot "Caramba Nueva" chili powder

3 tsp. Emiliano Zapata tabasco sauce

1-4 oz. can Comet scouring powder

5 .38-cal. Remington Standard bullets

1/2 cup white vinegar

1/2 cup Prestone antifreeze

1/4 cup Sterno jellied cooking fuel

3 rolls Sharpshooter cap pistol caps

1-4 oz. can Vasco de Gama green chilies

3 fresh Anaheim "Sum'bitch" green chili peppers

4 tbsp. olive, vegetable, or peanut oil

4 tbsp. 3-in-1 oil

Dash Drano

One pack matches

Cup tap water

1 cup heavy water (deuterium oxide)

Sulfuric acid to taste

1. Have the butcher coarse grind the steak and the chops. (Keep the ground chop bones for garnish.) With an ordinary household pair of pliers, extract the lead slugs from the Remington bullets, saving the gunpowder. Discard slugs and shells. Fine-shred the rolls of caps in a food processor or by hand. Be sure not to get any water on the caps.

2. Sauté the meat in the cooking oil. Add the cumin, salt, pepper, oregano, vinegar, and scouring powder. Let simmer until the scouring powder turns a bright green and begins to make odd noises.

3. In a large pot, combine the diced tomatoes, tabasco, antifreeze, Sterno, and both canned and fresh green chilies. Let simmer five minutes, then set aside. Now dice the fresh chilies while still in the pot. In small bowl, mix the 3-in-1 oil with the shredded caps. Chop off the heads from the matches and sprinkle them into the mixture. Discard the rest of the matches. Blend.

4. Add the tap water and the heavy water to the meat and scouring powder mixture. (Note: Heavy water, or deuterium oxide, is available from any nuclear power station, or may be ordered by mail from Harry the Night Watchman, Second Desk from the Right, Auxiliary Security Station, Seabrook Power Facility, Seabrook, Conn.)

5. Combine all ingredients in large pot, taking care to blend the chili powders in very well. Let simmer for three hours, stirring occasionally. Add Drano, sulfuric acid to taste. Serve in a warmed bowl, garnished with ground pork chop bones, parsley, chopped raw onion, or thumb tacks dipped in benzene. Serves four.

I will tolerate no deviations from this text. Those readers for whom this dish may be a trifle too hot may feel free to slice off their own or each other's tongues with a butter knife. Similarly, those souls for whom this may be too tepid may increase the amounts of chili powder called for, provided they completely immerse their heads in the resultant mixture *while it is still simmering on the flame* and sing the "Toreador Song" from *Carmen*. This recipe is the absolute last word on chili con carne. Enjoy it. And if, for some reason, it does not delight you with its piquant blending of the rich, the spicy, and the hot, then you are a total and irrevocable cretin, and frankly, do not deserve to live. In fact, the thought of you makes me physically ill with disgust. Just go away. Don't apologize or try to defend yourself, don't whine that "it's not fair." I really couldn't care less. Just go away and leave me alone with my delicious chili. ■

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We Are What We Eat: The Hot New Ethnic Foods around the U.S.

By Ellis Weiner

“...Small Malta in Duluth serves Maltese falcon... but insiders prefer *tompin-chon* and *khlukh*...”

Suddenly, shrimp in lobster sauce is not enough. Americans are going beyond “ethnic” all the way to downright exotic. The old standbys—Chinatown, Little Italy, Harlem, etc.—no longer satisfy. What next? Plenty. Scattered around this country are a number of hitherto unknown enclaves of unassimilated native and ethnic communities. Their food, their customs—sometimes even their language and appearance—are foreign, strange, enchanting. All you need is to know where. For example:

this taste of Far Eastern mystery is located between the city’s financial district and the vegetable warehouses. Specialties available from the several fine restaurants and snack stands include such authentic Sherpa mountain guide cuisine favorites as *shapp* (boiled yak stew), *laphdohg* (pine needles in hashish oil), and *chrez* (snow pudding—a mixture of mountain grass and seven other grains).

Visitors to Seattle, Washington, may be surprised to learn that there is a thriving Balinese section of the city that



holds many surprises and delights in store for those who can find it. Locally known as **Little Bali**, the area covers most of the sixteenth floor of the Crenshaw Building, a late eighteenth century department store now given over to office facilities, light manufacturing, and storage. Haunting temple bell music and the heady aroma of incense greet the hungry traveler, and a panoply of gustatorial pleasures may be discovered merely by walking straight until the water cooler, turning left, and continuing on into the next room. There, on a crude wooden table with benches lining either side, will be found a number of native Balinese delicacies, among which are my favorites—monkey rice spider loaf, minted breadfruit tarts, and the altogether alcoholic and satisfying beverage *blejgh*—brewed from fermented sugar cane and volcanic ash.

Everything’s up to date in Kansas City, Missouri—everything, that is, except the small four block area known as **Tanzaniatown**. Here, Tanzanian emigrants have reconstructed an authentic African mini-village, including straying animals, colorfully garbed and ungarbed women with baskets on their heads, and spears. Stop by for lunch at M’Bulindoo’s, and enjoy the house specialty of fried palm fronds and coconut husk. Or, for a more formal dining experience, make reservations at least two days in advance at the



A three-block area of downtown Cleveland, Ohio, features authentic Sherpa mountain guide ceremonies, a performing herd of trained alpacas, and daily Hindu religious services to which all are invited. Known as **Nepaltown**,

holds many surprises and delights in store for those who can find it. Locally known as **Little Bali**, the area covers most of the sixteenth floor of the Crenshaw Building, a late eighteenth century department store now given over to of-

Hut of the Scary Shaman. Recommended are the antelope and banana soup, tarantula fritters with honey, and a casserole-like dish called *blooboo*, which, as far as I can tell, is a mixture of jungle leaves and animals, slow-simmered for about a week and eaten out of leopard pelts.

Everyone knows that Krakatoa was east of Java, but few remember that it was also west of Sumatra. Well, a little bit of Sumatra is just around the block from the library on Broad Street and Market in Philadelphia. It's called, appropriately, **Little Sumatra**, and is a mecca for natives and travelers alike



the buttocks of an orangutan and immersing them in a broth of scallions and brine. It tastes something like fried chicken, with the texture of frog.

The Maltese section of Duluth, Minnesota—known in that city as **Small Malta**—offers exotica aplenty for the tourist and resident alike. Most Americans no doubt know of Malta chiefly via Dashiell Hammett and Humphrey Bogart. And indeed, one can find a decent dish of Maltese falcon at almost any of these restaurants. The native connoisseurs may chuckle at such an order, however. Falcon serves much the same purpose on Malta as turkey does here—a rather common and bland bird used mainly for ceremonial purposes, and not at all representative of the variety and richness of Maltese cooking. Instead, I suggest you try such native specialties as *tompin-chon* (wrapped gull with olive stuffing), the dessert pastry *khlukh* (pistachio nuts and beer in a thick paste, covered with a flaky shell of dough and twigs), and the tiny *gak* balls. These last are really nothing more than bits of cornmeal and chocolate, and are a favorite with children. ■



The immigration of South Americans to the U.S. has received somewhat less historical coverage than that of the Europeans; nonetheless, a substantial number of Latin Americans have made the journey from south of the equator to our shores, and nowhere can a more authentic example of their culture be found than in St. Louis's **Tierra del Fuego**town. Don't forget to sample a plate of *titus andronicus*, a Spanish mainstay consisting of young birds smashed with a big rock and sprinkled with sangria. Juan's Diner (John's Diner) offers a sumptuous dessert tray that boasts the only lima bean cake in the entire city. (The diner is shaped like a Cadillac, historically the favorite car of the natives.) And for travel-weary tourists, a glass of *coño* is a sure pick-me-up. This is a native favorite as well, and is made fresh daily from almonds, yeast, and pork, with special water flown directly from Tierra del Fuego's famed Lake Cacapupu.

with that yen for South Sea fare and ambience. By now, of course, Philadelphia is famous for its breadfruit cookery, and it is all thanks to this teeming, thriving native community. Ask for breadfruit juice with ice, however, as the native Sumatrans will serve it neat if you don't, and Americans generally prefer a cooler beverage. Too, the famous native dish *!aj* is available. It's made by sawing off

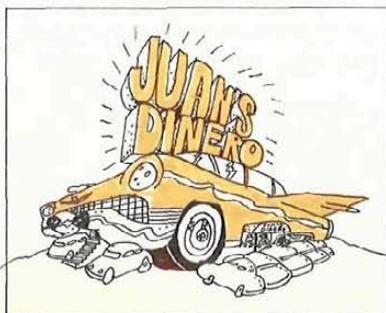




photo by Dennis Chalkin

1. Overall Social Distinction: (Twenty sets of ten.) With palms fully opened and facing forward, place thumbs in outer ear openings, and turn them first clockwise, then counterclockwise. Firms up facility to relate in a meaningful and engaging manner. Trims sagging mystique, and otherwise helps maintain a sharp aura.

Energizing the Inner You: Mental Fitness and Personality Tone-up Exercises

By Todd Carroll

“...Did you ever notice that the smartest, best looking, most successful people have terrific looking eyes and ears?...”

I still find it amazing when I hear people talk about how they master subjects and gain expertise, about how they go to schools and learn from others and then get “experience.” It’s as if all you have to do if you want to be a decorator is go to a school, learn about decorating, and get a job as a decorator. In fact, most people still think they can acquire essential knowledge and improve their personalities by simply learning how. And when they don’t show improvement, when they aren’t as interesting or stylish as they want to be, they wonder why.

That’s when they go into all the “self-realization” movements. “Why haven’t my est classes helped?” “Or my meditation?” “What about my assertiveness training?” “My alpha waves?” “Why isn’t the inner me getting better?” they ask. “Why am I not the exciting, dy-

namic, fascinating person I know I should be?” they wail.

The answer is simple—as plain as the eyes and ears on your face—it’s exercise. Developing your personality, your knowledge, your style, your overall mental fitness, is more than just mental work, more than just self-realization classes—it’s *physical exercise of your eyes and ears.*

Your eyes and ears have a direct line to your brain, the organ with which you acquire knowledge—your “memory bank” for filing experiences, gaining insights, absorbing self-improvement tips. With your eyes, you “see” the printed words, the actions, the pictures you must retain to learn things. With your ears, you “hear” the necessary sounds for attaining knowledge. But if you don’t keep your eyes and ears in optimum physical

condition, your brain cannot function in tip-top condition, either.

Your eyes and ears must be toned up and exercised every day if you are to make the best use of your brain. Did you ever notice that the smartest, best looking, most successful people have terrific looking eyes and ears? Their eyes sparkle. Their ears sparkle, too. It’s because they know the secrets of developing their personality power, their mental fitness. They do the exercises I have worked out to develop and energize the *inner you*. Now you can do them in the privacy of your own home. See if your personality and mental awareness don’t improve overnight!*

*Reprinted from *Energizing the Inner You: Mental Fitness and Personality Tone-up Exercises*, by Todd Carroll. Bench Press, 1977.



2. Conversation and Wit: (Two sets of ten.)
Place index fingers beside eyes and pull skin firmly. Conditions vocabulary, projection, sensitivity, presence, and charm. Also strengthens general knowledge.



4. Current Events Fluency: (Two sets of ten.)
Should be done in conjunction with Conversation routine, above. Place index fingers beside eyes and push skin inward firmly. Tightens retention of interesting news items.



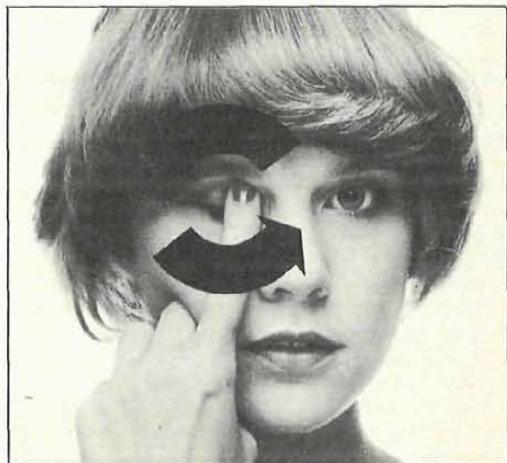
6. Apartment Selection, Decorating: (Two sets of ten.)
Use the Iso-Selfer for this exercise. Wrap around head at eye level; pull outward firmly. Improves environmental awareness, color knack; aids in mastery of extra touches.



3. Art Appreciation: (Five sets of ten.)
Grasp strands of hair from behind ears with hands and lift outward firmly until parallel with shoulders. Polishes art recognition, critique depth.



5. Fashion Sense: (Three sets of fifteen.)
Grasp skin below eyes with thumb and forefinger; pull skin up and down firmly. Develops interpretation of personal image, insight into contemporary clothing trends, as well as where-to-shop skills.



7. Career Success: (Three sets of fifteen.)
Place left index finger over right eye, press down on lid firmly, and rotate fingertip counterclockwise. Builds power and income potential, with particular emphasis on dynamism, confidence, and fiscal acuity.

The White Bread Papers: Chemical Food Preservatives Can Preserve You!

By John Hughes

“...After spending 89 days naked in Death Valley, the 97-year-old woman developed tennis elbow...”

The Freeman Clinic in Minneapolis has been the site of numerous medical discoveries and breakthroughs, but none so startling as that made by Dr. Leon Edson on August 4, 1977. The story of this sensational, earth-shaking discovery appeared recently in the medical journal *Doc*.

It seems that in the course of running routine follow-up tests on FDA-approved food preservatives, Dr. Edson discovered that rats fed lethal doses of sodium propionate, a common preservative used in white bread, were immune to death. Not only didn't the preservative kill the rats, but attempts to crush, incinerate, suffocate, and finally, mutilate the rats failed.

After several months of animal experiments, Edson gained permission to conduct tests of willing human subjects from a nearby rest home. The subjects, aged 80 to 102, were subjected to massive doses of propylene glycol, BHA, BHT, and numerous other popular food preservatives. They were then sent to

Death Valley for 100 days, and forced to play tennis for fifteen hours a day. Following the success of the Death Valley tests, the subjects were immediately sent to Los Angeles, where they were placed in life rafts without food or water and sent out to sea. All not only survived the tests, but when they returned to Minneapolis they formed a hockey team.

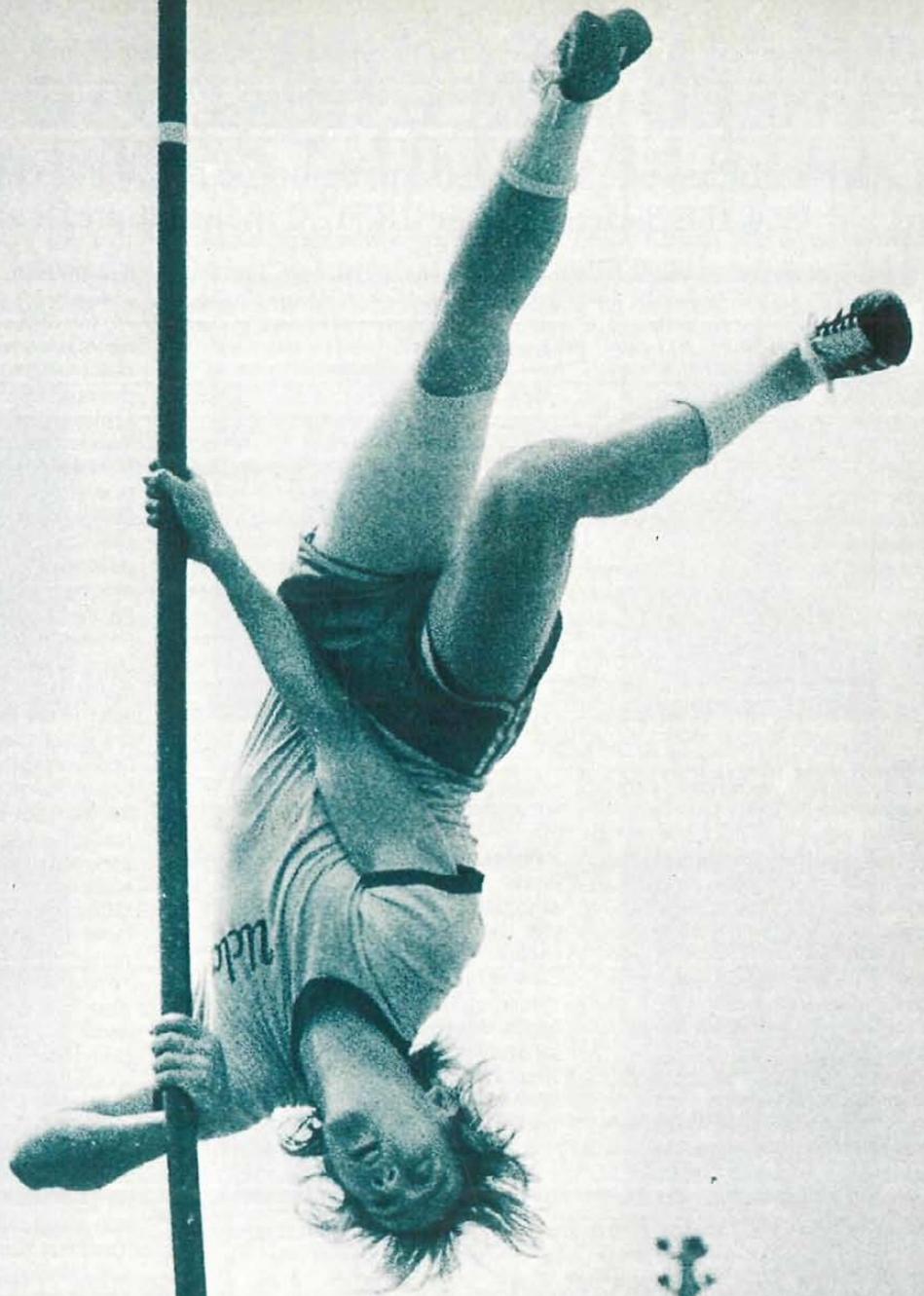
“Just as chemical preservatives protect food from deterioration, they also appear to preserve and protect the human body!” Edson explained in testimony to the Food and Drug Administration. “Furthermore, we find BHA and BHT to be beneficial in the preservation of sexual performance.”

Dr. Edson and the Freeman Clinic have recommended to the FDA that all chemical preservatives be deregulated, including those not approved for human consumption. Additionally, they would like to increase usage of preservatives. “Just as we drink our daily orange juice, we should also have our daily sodium citrate and propyl gallate,” Edson says.

The food industry is delighted with Dr. Edson's findings. After years under siege by government and public watchdogs, it is responding to the discovery with plans to boost preservative levels and launch advertising to announce the benefits of these new higher levels. One soft drink firm is reportedly developing a diet soft drink that will contain 81 percent benzoate of soda, a chemical previously accounting for no more than .03 percent of the beverage.

What can we all do until the FDA approves of increased preservative levels and the proposed sale of the pure chemicals? “Evaluate your diet!” Dr. Edson recommends. “And add the products which contain preservatives (white bread, Slim Jim sausages, Hostess Twinkies, etc.). Remove all natural products from your diet!”

Preserved pole vaulter: *Accumulation of food preservatives in his tissues allows a dead man to compete in the NCAA track finals in Los Angeles.*



IF YOU HAVE AN EAR FOR MUSIC, YOU NEED THREE HEADS TO TAPE IT.

2-Head Cassette Recorders made home recording convenient.
Now the 3-Head Fisher CR5120 makes it professional.

It really isn't fair to compare the Fisher Studio Standard CR5120 to other cassette recorders. Its superior flexibility and performance are comparable only to the most sophisticated reel-to-reel tape decks. The CR5120 combines the convenience of cassette with 3-head

tape/source monitoring. The CR5120 delivers exceptional performance with important recording features like Dolby* noise reduction, signal limiting, and LED peak indicators. Eliminate

Guesswork. The only way to make consistently perfect high fidelity recordings is to compare the quality of the taped signal to the original while the tape is actually being made. Studio engineers call this "monitoring," and it can only be accomplished on a 3-head tape deck. Monitoring subjects every inch of tape to instantaneous analysis by the most sensitive acoustic device available—the human ear—assuring a perfect "take" without guesswork.

Better Sound. Nearly all cassette decks have two tape heads—an erase head and a record/playback head. Even the best of them exhibit certain unavoidable compromises due to the combination record/playback head configuration. These compromises, although accepted by the industry, were not acceptable to Fisher engineers. They created the CR5120, a major advancement in cassette deck technology utilizing three separate, precision long-life ferrite tape heads: erase, record, and playback. Fisher engineers developed a wide-gap

4-micron record head for high output with an incredible 64dB signal-to-noise ratio...and a playback head having a very narrow gap (1.6 micron) for extended frequency response—30 to 18,000 Hz, ± 3 dB. The result is sound recorded on the CR5120 is exactly like the original. No more...and no less.

A recording studio engineer would never consider recording without the improved performance and monitoring capabilities of a 3-head tape deck—and neither should you.

The CR5120 provides a tape/source monitor switch for instantaneous comparison while listening.

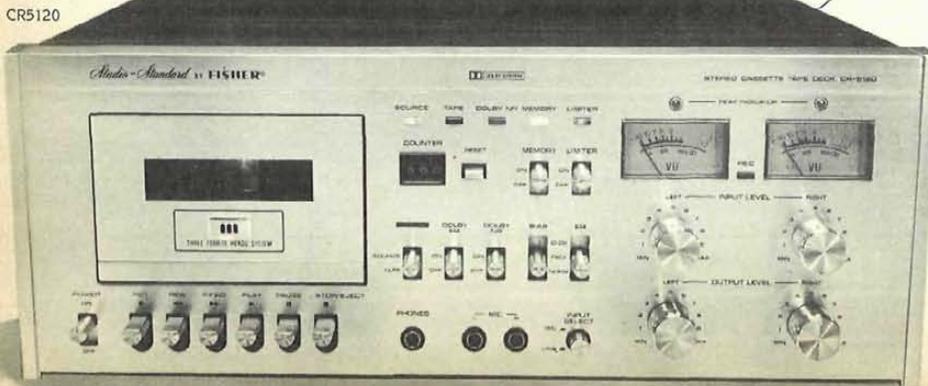
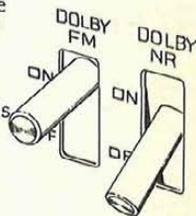
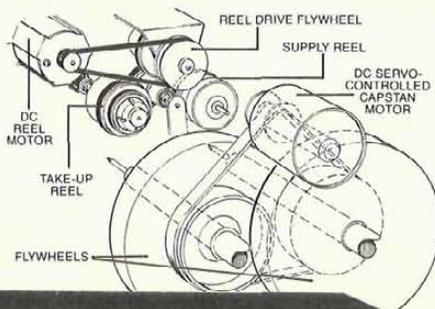
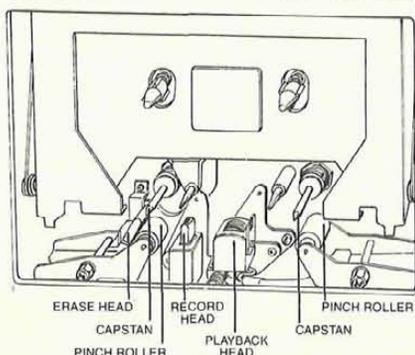
2-Motor, Dual-Capstan Tape Transport. Professional recording requires tape alignment exactly perpendicular to the tape heads. To accomplish this, Fisher engineers equipped the CR5120 with two capstan/pinch roller assemblies: one preceding, the other following the tape heads. Both capstans are micro-ground for absolute concentricity; and each is fitted with a heavy, dynamically balanced flywheel for smooth operation. The capstans are driven by a servo-controlled

Hall-effect DC motor for absolute speed accuracy, independent of fluctuations in AC line voltage. A second, DC-controlled motor provides the proper hold-back tension. This configuration, standard for professional recording equipment, is responsible for the CR5120's exceptionally low wow and flutter specification of 0.04% WRMS ... performance superior to most reel-to-reel decks.

Dolby Noise Reduction For Tape and FM. The CR5120 utilizes Dolby noise reduction to suppress tape hiss, improving recorded dynamic range up to 10dB. It incorporates separate record and playback Dolby IC circuitry so that both the source and monitored signals are simultaneously Dolby processed—a feature found only in the most advanced recording systems. Dolby circuitry is also provided to decode Dolby FM broadcasts.

Other Professional Features. Separate input and output controls for each channel provide maximum flexibility. Two illuminated VU meters, each with an LED peak indicator calibrated to +3 VU for accurate visual monitoring. Switchable limiter circuitry prevents distortion due to tape saturation. A three-digit counter with memory is included to quickly, automatically, locate the start of a recorded program. Four preamplifiers are included—two for recording and two for playback. Two-head decks use only two preamplifiers.

The Final Word. The unique Fisher CR5120 is priced about \$350.** Available at fine audio stores or the audio department of better department stores.



FISHER
The first name in high fidelity.

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*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Labs, Inc. **Mfg. suggested retail price. Actual sale price is determined by dealer.

Specifications

Frequency Response (record/playback)	30-15,000 Hz, ± 3 dB
Standard Tape	30-15,000 Hz, ± 3 dB
CrO ₂ Tape	30-18,000 Hz, ± 3 dB
Wow & Flutter	0.04% WRMS
Signal to Noise Ratio	64dB
Dimensions (HxWxD)	6" x 17 1/2" x 12 1/2"

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON CHRISTMAS GIFT CATALOG

Here is a list of things you can buy. Some of them are quite good. And by filling in the convenient order form envelope and enclosing a check, you can also have some or all these things sent to people as Christmas presents, which is convenient at this time of year.



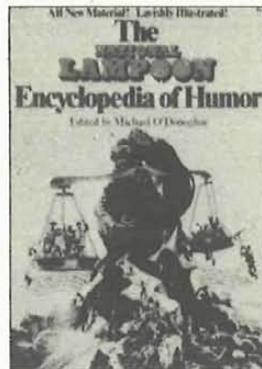
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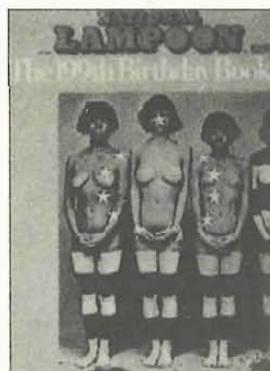
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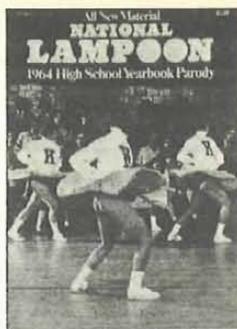
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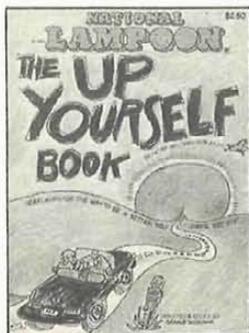
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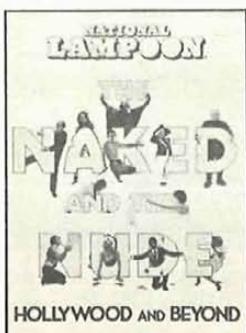
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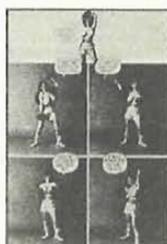
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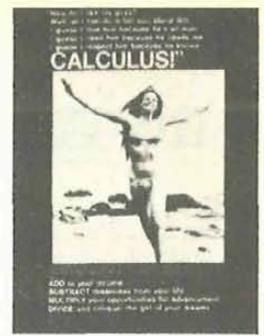
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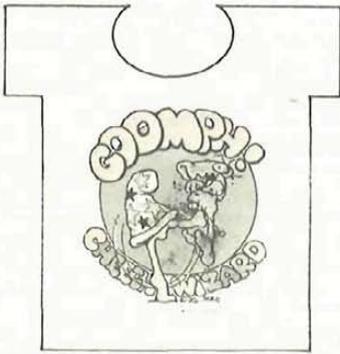


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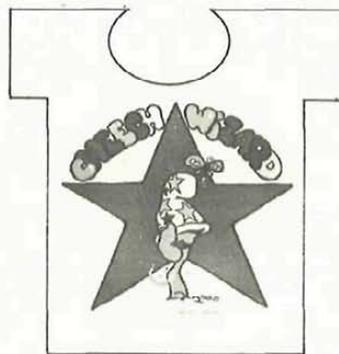
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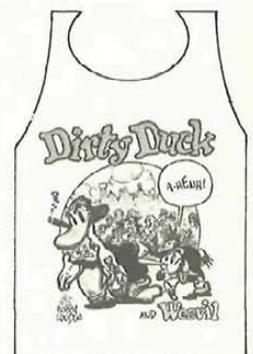
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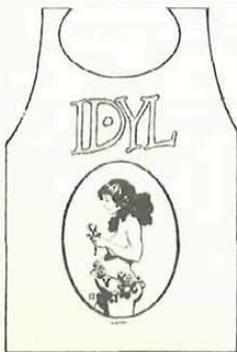
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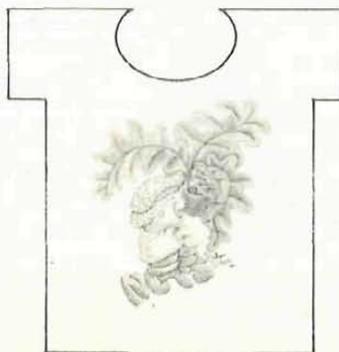
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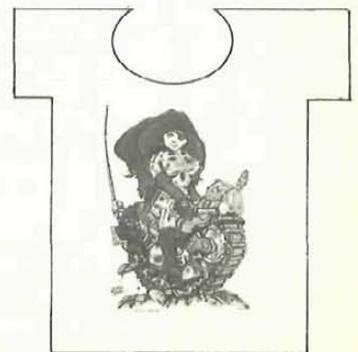
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The Beautiful People in Middle America: A Menopausal Change of Lifestyles

By Robert L. Green

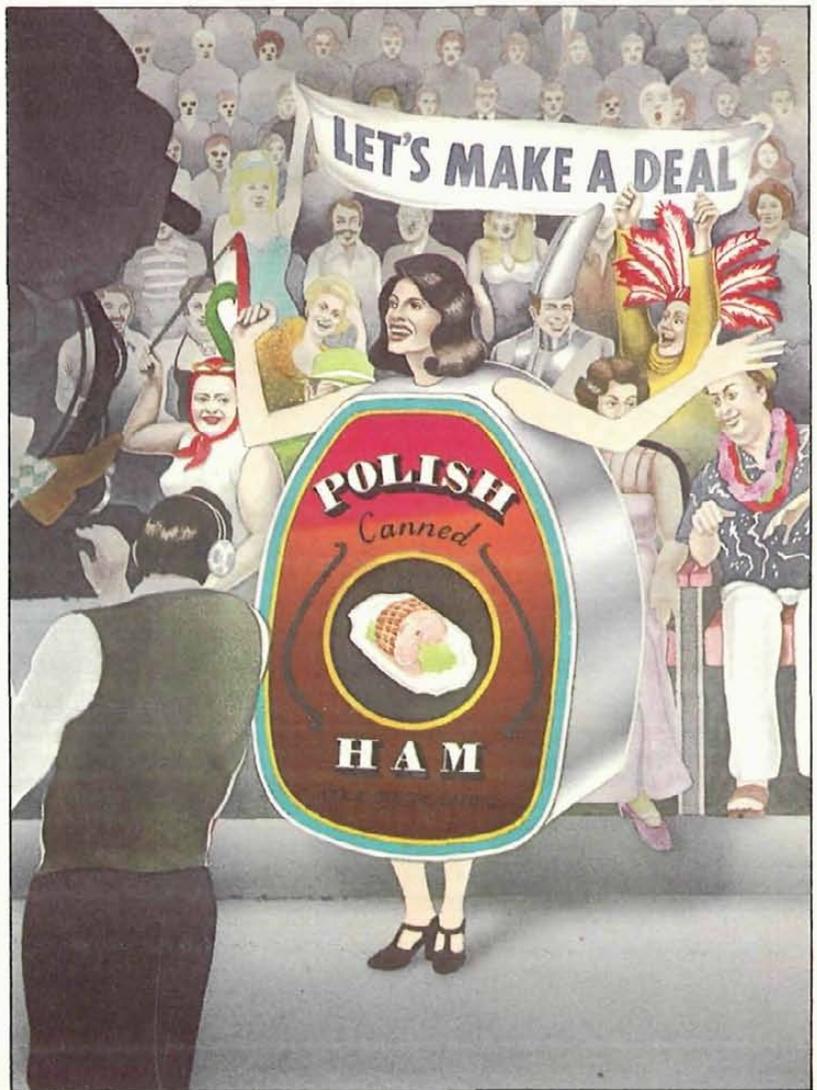
“...When you’ve done everything and been everywhere, there’s no way to go except down to where the little people are... Middle America...”

No discussion of lifestyles is complete without a careful look at what the trend-setters are doing—the Beautiful People—the people who practically invented lifestyles. We asked Robert L. Green, one of the country’s leading fashion and style authorities, to give us a firsthand report on what these avant-garde lifestyle creators are up to these days. We also commissioned three expert lifestyle illustrators to accompany Green and capture some of the Beautiful People in action. Green’s report is succinct and shocking. It seems that the BPs have forsaken their usual activities and haunts and are trying to be like everyone else. Can they succeed, or will they be just too chic, too stylish, too beautiful to be truly ordinary? Read on.

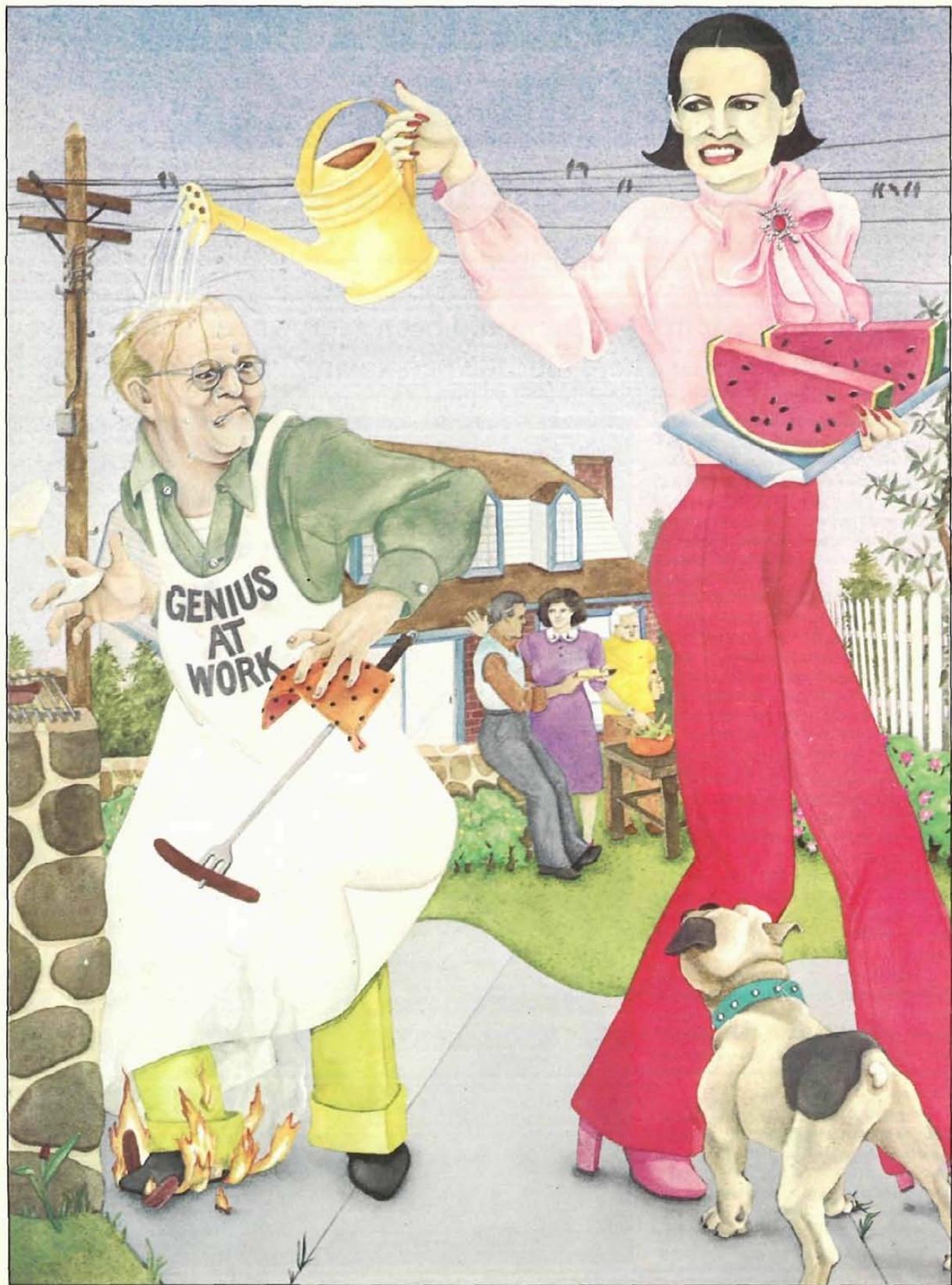
Bill Blass has joined the Kiwanis Club and is giving lectures about the evils of smoking. Margaux Hemingway will leave the glamorous modeling world and become an Avon Lady. Princess Grace has bought a CB radio for her Bentley. Diana Vreeland is screaming like a high school cheerleader—“bowling, barbecuing, drive-in movies, truck stops!!!”

It had to happen. When you’ve done everything and been everywhere there’s simply no other place to go except down, down to where the “little people” are—the solid, decent, old-fashioned backbone of our country—Middle America.

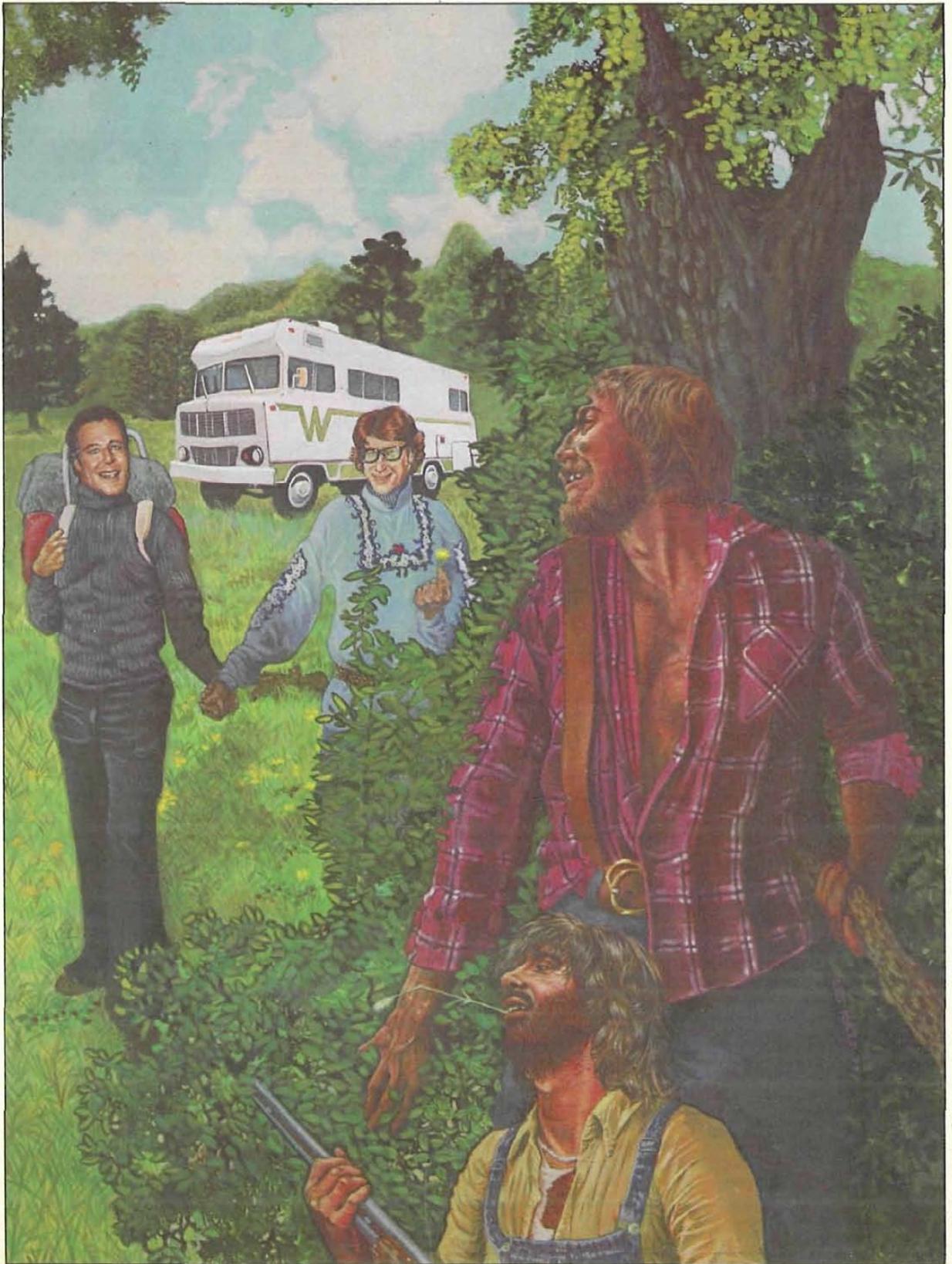
My guess is that the Beautiful People will adapt and upgrade the Middle American lifestyle into something more chic and peppy—casual, yet elegant. Yard sales will have Cuisinarts and decent bone china, popcorn at the drive-ins will have real butter in it, bowling shoes will be Gucci and Jourdan. Eventually, the two cultures will blend—Middle America will become *entirely beautiful*. And the world will be a far better place to live in, *n’est-ce pas?*



Hamming it up: Lee Radziwill has gone gaga over daytime TV. Not just watching it at home, but getting right down to the gritty part of the nitty gritty—the studio audiences. She’s determined to become a contestant on “Let’s Make a Deal.”



The joy of cooking yourself: *Tiny Truman* accidentally fell into the marinade, and before he knew it, was barbecuing himself. Luckily, *Gloria Vanderbilt* was *Juanita-on-the-spot* with her watering can, or we might have had *Roast Suckling Author*.



High camp: *It's back to nature for our two golden boys of haute couture, Halston and Saint Laurent—back to the joys of camping out, of mountain climbing and hiking, of stories told around the campfire, and of learning about the odd people of the forest.*

Eskimo Chic: The Hot New Cold Look

By John Hughes

“...Forget the Prisoner of War Look, forget the Italian Street Vendor Look—Eskimos are taking the big slice of the fashion pie...”

Our chilly northern neighbors have swooped down from the Great Cold Place, bringing with them a refreshing new life format that offers an exhilarating alternative to the stale stuff of last summer (you can Goodwill your Amish wardrobe). The Eskimo Phenomenon is an Official Trend, and here is your complete guide to what is happening, where, how, why, and “Do you have those snowshoes in a size seven?”

Bird Skin Shirts

Halston has formally announced that Eskimo is here, there, and everywhere. “I see lightweight bird skin blouses, pleated whale membrane slacks, cut on the bias and pegged—lots of furry hats and muffs. Muffs everywhere!”

Pierre Cardin called from the Ketchikan Spa, where he’s “taking the snows.” Hygiene is out, says Cardin. “These beautiful natural people do not bathe. They do not know tubs from blubber. To capture their essence, I am imitating, or how you say it, duplicating the smell of the inside of their clothing. It will be the new musk.”

Vidal Sassoon has already jumped on the Eskimo dogsled bandwagon. “We’ve been experimenting with a no-wash, dipped-in-seal-oil, severe, neoprimitive

hacked-up look. It’s majestic! To preserve the look all day and night, Sassoon recommends his walrus fat conditioner. It smells like spoiled herring, but it works.

The Urban Igloo

Bank president R. Donald Schmidt and his wife Benny have constructed a complete and exquisitely functional igloo atop the roof of their Park Avenue co-op. It has three full bedrooms, two baths, a large kitchen and dining area, and an enormous living room communal meeting area. The ice house is protected from the summer weather by a specially designed chilled outer skin made of aluminum. “We love the Eskimo life,” Schmidt explains. “Benny and I and our friends gather in the meeting area in the evenings and speak Eskimo and chew leather, which the gals make into clothing. It’s a big kick for us.” The cost of this quaint little ice box? Four hundred fifty thousand dollars.

Eskimo Cuisine

The Blubberie— 849 West 47th St., 555-1239

Features full Eskimo menu, served in an authentic Eskimo setting. Try lichen

soup and caribou menses. \$40 for two.

Yellow Teeths— 710 East 39th street, 555-1041

Provincial Eskimo cooking served off the floor in steamy heaps. Seal killed at the table. Abusive and ugly maître d’ likes to butt heads with patrons. Good Caribou wine. \$20 for two.

The Leather Chewers— 564 West 78th Street, 555-7902.

Atlantic Eskimo cuisine. Lighter cooking, using less fat; strong dependence on viscera and blood. Specialty is *ugpak*, a salty stew made of seal face. \$65 for two.

Eskimo Lessons

Great North Language Center— complete instruction in Eskimo.

Eskimo School of Music— Instruction in how to play harpoon.

Eskimo Love— Complete training in Eskimo erotic technique, including nose rubbing, clothed lovemaking, and thumb pulling.

New York Eskimo Center— Instruction in all phases of Eskimo life, from sending senior citizens out to die to wearing down your teeth. ■



Pop Goes the Weasel/Eli Weasel

IF I FORGET THEE, OH TUPELO

“...And a voice I scarcely recognized as my own was shattering the windows ... with the cry, ‘I am not dead! My brother Jesse is dead!’...”

Unreal. The entire situation, the whole experience, is un-utterly-real! I can tell that even the waiter is impressed, and waiters are a difficult bunch to impress. But you can tell when a waiter's impressed by how much he tries to remain unimpressed, and this gent is being super *casual* as he pours the wine for us, Sugarpie and I.

Sugarpie bangs a tamborine with gut-wrenching *élan*, as a member of the Junk Food Babies, the discoreggacpunkjazz rock band that is, as the microboppers of Yonkers say, “It.” But at two in the afternoon, in a *very* classy restaurant, Sugarpie sits up straight, twenty hands high, a gazelle with a hyena's laugh and a lion's mane, an enormous orchid, an explosion of jungle energy, and eats *with her hands*. While the waiter keeps his cool.

Am I making myself clear? I am having lunch with a giant Negress!

Sugarpie has just returned from Europe (which she pronounces, “Europe”), as it turns out, and there is a rare pause in her rapid-fire chatter as she tries to remember the French word for cheese, and in this conversational hiatus I chance to overhear a wisp of table talk from a nearby gaggle of Australian journalists to the effect that...dear Jesus God!...Elvis is dead!

I leap from my seat, my hair standing on end like some thunderstruck Struwelpeter's, sending an untouched rare Chateaubriand into the ample lap of my ebony luncheon companion—wine, water, and highball glasses, bottles, flowers, and cutlery exploding into the air. The now impressed waiter I send sprawling in my leap for the throat of the Aussie newshound. I am out of control. Beneath my pummeling fists, he confirms the news. Elvis Presley, the most important person in the history of the universe. Dead.

Can you, can anyone but me, remember how perfectly beautiful he was? Not only the world's greatest actor, singer, guitar player, driver, knitter, carpenter, and pinball player in the world and space. But the sexiest animal, the freest spirit, with the best haircut ever. He was so damn wonderful I am certain I invented him. Made him up, dreamed him, *was* him. And now, this. Dead.

I came to my senses momentarily, up a rubber tree, with a cluster of *maitre d's*



imploping me to descend. Flecked with foam were my lips, white the knuckles of my toes that held me to that perilous perch. And a voice I scarcely recognized as my own was shattering the windows of that posh eatery with the cry, “*I am not dead! My brother Jesse is dead!*” For I am not, as is obvious, my twin brother Jesse, who is, in fact, dead, and therefore I am alive, and *pop*, which begins and ends with me, is therefore also alive, and beautiful.

And, dangling from that greenery, I knew in a flash what I must do to assuage the grief I felt for my death. Syndication was indicated. For these may or may not be the last words on pop.

With Elvis dies a proud tradition of stars too dumb to know who they are or what they mean, creating a market for commentary, observation, interpretation, and the vicarious fandom scam. Now even the blackest of bluesmen, not to speak of acid-articulate art-rockers, are capable of writing their own liner notes, columns, books even.

The king, my all-too-crowned king, was the last show business goon so beautiful and thick that there was work for such flacks as I, celebratory barnacles upon their streamlined hulls.

Now what, now whither? And from the center of my genius comes the answer: there's always sports....

One of a kind.

He challenges the last uncharted world.

A frontier where discovery is the greatest reward of all.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



Turkish and Domestic Blend

19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

get it all
together with

COMFORT®



One sip of Southern Comfort tells you it's an incredibly talented liquor. Super smooth. It tastes *delicious*, all by itself. That's why Comfort® makes a terrific drink solo, or with almost any backup.

COMFORT® SOLO

ON-THE-ROCKS, FOR PURISTS

Just pour a jiggerful over ice. Enjoy this fine liquor's fabulous full flavor the Comfort®able way.



COMFORT® DUOS

Comfort® & Cola
Comfort® & 7UP
Comfort® & Tonic
Comfort® & Bitter Lemon
Comfort® & Orange Juice



COMFORT® TRIOS

SLOE 'N COMFORT®ABLE Screwdriver with a new twist!

½ jigger Comfort®
½ jigger sloe gin
3 oz. orange juice

Fill highball glass with ice cubes. Add liquors, juice. Stir; add a cherry. Sip for slow 'n easy enjoyment.

COOL TEUL

1 oz. Comfort®
½ oz. tequila
Orange juice

Fill highball glass with ice cubes. Add liquors; fill with juice; stir. Add a cherry. Great drink from Mexico!



There's nothing more *delicious* than Southern Comfort® on-the-rocks!

FAT CHANCES

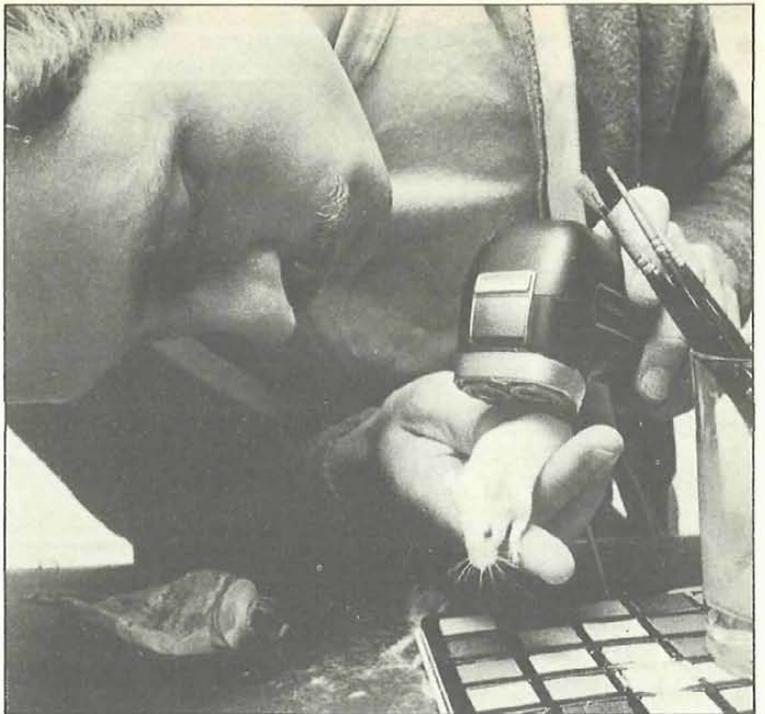
Recommendations of lifestyle phenomena you must see, hear, and own if you are to survive another week.



Fountain of Youth

The closest thing to what Ponce de Leon was searching for. It's called Swiss Jizz. And yessiree, they've bottled it. Those canny Swiss doctors who invented youth serums and rejuvenators for celebs like Chaplin, Konrad Adenauer, et al. have now developed a way to put the semen of unborn goats into a carbonated cola-flavored beverage. Semen from unborn goats? Bottled in a cola? Ask Strom Thurmond, Mae West, Ronald Reagan, Gloria Swanson— all satisfied customers. Note: You don't casually buy Swiss Jizz in a sixpack. It cost \$3,500 a bottle.

SWISS JIZZ/At Henri Bend



Rodent Rembrandt

Remember painted turtles? Jon Bisco does painted mice. Jon shaves white mice and paints pretty scenes of New York on them. Choose from skyscrapers, Statue of Liberty, hansom cab, and many other New York scenes. The mice are your standard cute-as-a-button rodents, perfect little pets. And the paintings are pretty good, too. Jon also does designs—stripes, zig-zag deco patterns, and a few custom orders.

MOUSE PAINTINGS BY JON/985 Bleeker St.

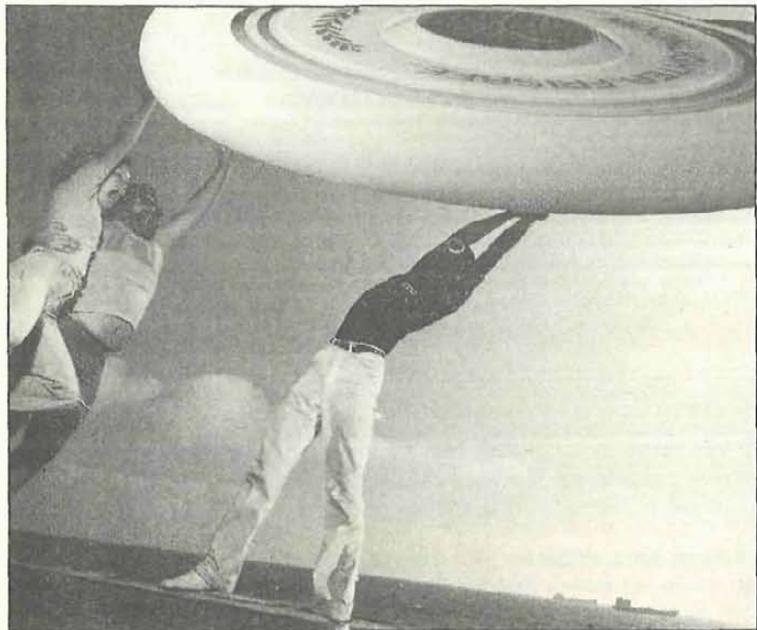


Suck It to Me

Everyone's nomination for the best blow job in New York: Shirley, the happy hooker who works in and around Eighth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street. Said one aficionado: "She unscrews the head and works on the wires."

Hanging Around

It's absolutely the latest way of getting carried away, and it's called—what else—frisbee hang gliding. You'll need a giant frisbee (the best made is from Hang It All and retails at \$100 and change), some athletic friends, and plenty of Dramamine. To achieve the best glide, our jock friends tell us, you should find a decent size cliff to jump off. Hint: Start with an expert; if you don't take off correctly, you may get down faster than you want to.



No Fuss, No Muss, No Nuthin'

Leisure soups—they're the perfect answer to the "Oh-darn-I-thought-this-was-going-to-be-a-small-dinner-and-here-comes-that-Arnie-Schwartz-with-his-first-wife-his-present-girl-friend-and-her-children-by-a-previous-marriage blues. Just turn on the faucet, and out comes the leisure soup...hot or cold! Want to reduce it? Pour a little out. Goes great with greens, some chopped cucumber, served over ice, or just *au naturel*.

Prepare it beforehand and put it in the fridge. It keeps for days!

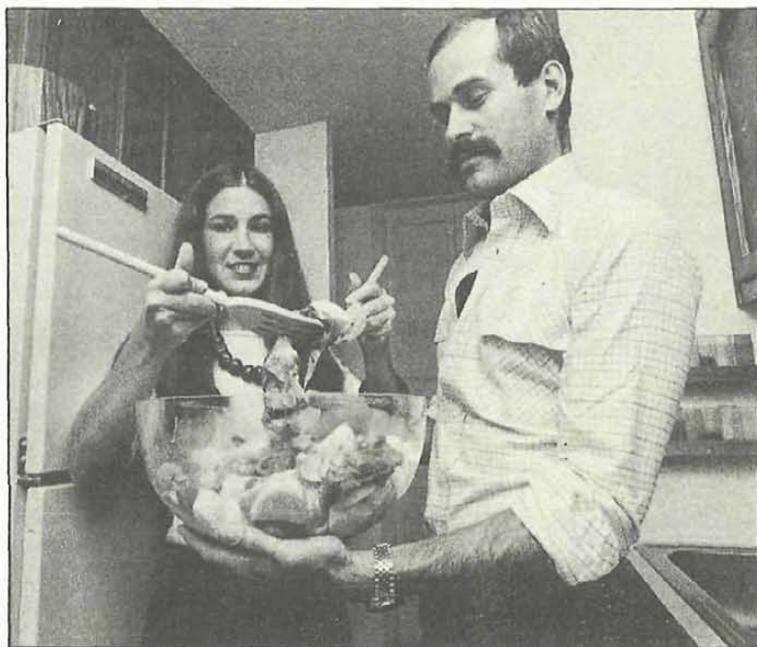
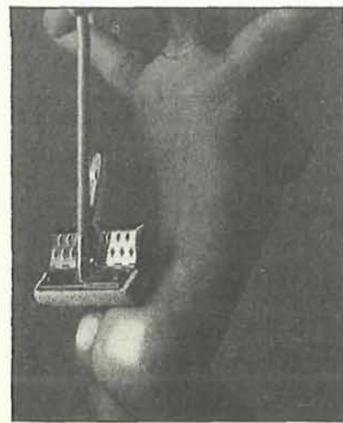
From THE SIXTY-SECOND GOURMET BY Pierre Fruit, Doubleday, \$6.95.



Second Skin

Coconut tanning butter protects your creamy skin against the summer sun, but city life year-round can have it looking like day-old bacon. Olga of Fifth Avenue's secret paste wax formula (from a polyurethane base) now lets you apply an invisible shield that will keep you zit free—while enhancing the natural luster of your ass. Its lemon-scented barrier keeps you dry and protects against grit, grime, sand, surf, and guys who jump the gun. It's called Cheeky, and it's \$35 the four-ounce tin.

Available at Rosie Cheeks Boutique.



Hottest New Salads

Tired of hunting for rare species of lettuce for your salads? Tired of the same old tomato, green pepper, radish, onion? Tired of using raw vegetables altogether? Michael and Amanda Charivari got tired of being trapped in the same old salad rut, so they created a whole new world, encompassing a wider range of foods than ever. They now make spaghetti and clam sauce salad, chicken à la king salad, bacon and egg salad, veal parmigiana salad, and what she's tossing in the picture—meat and potatoes salad.



Car sickness: America's Hottest New Ailment

It's a little like sea sickness, a little like morning sickness, and a lot like old-fashioned barfing. It's what everyone is doing in their cars or in taxicabs (including the drivers). Gloria Vanderbilt can throw up twelve times a day. George Plimpton claims he can do nine to fourteen. Craig Claiborne has the record for East Hampton (twenty-two times after a covered dish supper). The trick: throwing up *in* the car, *on* someone else's lap—before the driver has a chance to stop the car and make you do it outside. The next big car sickness? Colitis. Or "earlitis," as wit Dan Greenburg put it. The most often heard colitis line: "Stop the car. I gotta make."

Rover Done Over

When advertising copywriter R. Jack Jenkins moved to the Big City with his no-breed hound, Grumps, he found both the dog and himself shamefully out of step with the urban canine universe. "Grumps among the Shih Tzus was just the pits!" Jenkins admits. So what did he do? "First, I changed his name to Lou Reed. Then, I completely redesigned him with the help of an art director friend at Doyle Dane." Voilà! Grumps the mutt became Lou Reed, the giant Schnauzer. Jenkins has taken his talent for redoing dogs and opened a shop, The Precious Pup, where he will redesign your dog, disguising him permanently or temporarily. (For example, Ultrasuede—formerly a Labrador, now a toy poodle.) He also sells masks, rare breed disguise kits, even a tiny saw for reducing the height of your dog and leg stilts to raise him up again.

THE PRECIOUS PUP/879 W. 91 St.



Before



After

New Chip on the Block

The brash new entry: Famous Anus. created and marketed by Marshall Anus, ex-advertising account executive. The Anus cookie tastes like the expected advertising agency compromise—not too crisp or too soft. His slogan: "Anus Grand?" FAMOUS ANUS CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES/ Available at most gourmet shops.



Good Clean Sex

From kinky olde England—a condom with a perfumed soap tip. It's liquid soap built into the tip of a condom made of the finest gutta-percha. Make love, wash, and douche your girl at the same time. COMBOCONDO/Available at chic drug-stores and Le Soaperie.



Bests

Best packaged white bread in Moline, Illinois: Wonder Bread. Where to find it: Safeway, A&P, Grand Union, Food Fair, Kroger, and other supermarkets.

SILLY CLEVER MAGAZINE COMPETITION

BY DANNY ABELSON
AND ELLIS WEINER

COMPETITION NUMBER 311

"Deady Bear," "Heart Attack Hotel," "You Ain't Nothin' But a Dead Dog," "Muerta Las Vegas."

Above, suggestions for an Elvis Presley memorial album. Competitors are invited to submit their own suggestions.

Results of Competition No. 308, in which you were asked for distasteful responses to expressions of sympathy for the ailing Senator Humphrey.

First Prize of "The Pictorial Encyclopedia of Medical Anomalies" to:

"Papa's got a brand new bag."
W. Allen, NYC

Second Prize of one-year subscriptions to the "National Lampoon" to:

"I suspect some high-ranking Democrats will be getting it on the side."
E. Bombeck, Long Island, N.Y.

Third Prize of one-year subscriptions to "Modern Mortician" to:

"At least he won't be dumping on the press

anymore."

M. Brickman, NYC

Similarly: "The Hump won't dump."
A.S., T.H.

And Honorable Mention to:

"I hear he's on the endangered feces list."
B.F.G.

"He'll be much in demand as a sideman."
B.H.

"You can take Hubert out of the movement, but you can't..."
T.F.

"If he stays loose, it's in the bag."
S.K.

"Now he really won't be able to tell his ass from a hole in his side."
G.K.

WORLD'S MOST IMPORTANT CROSSWORD

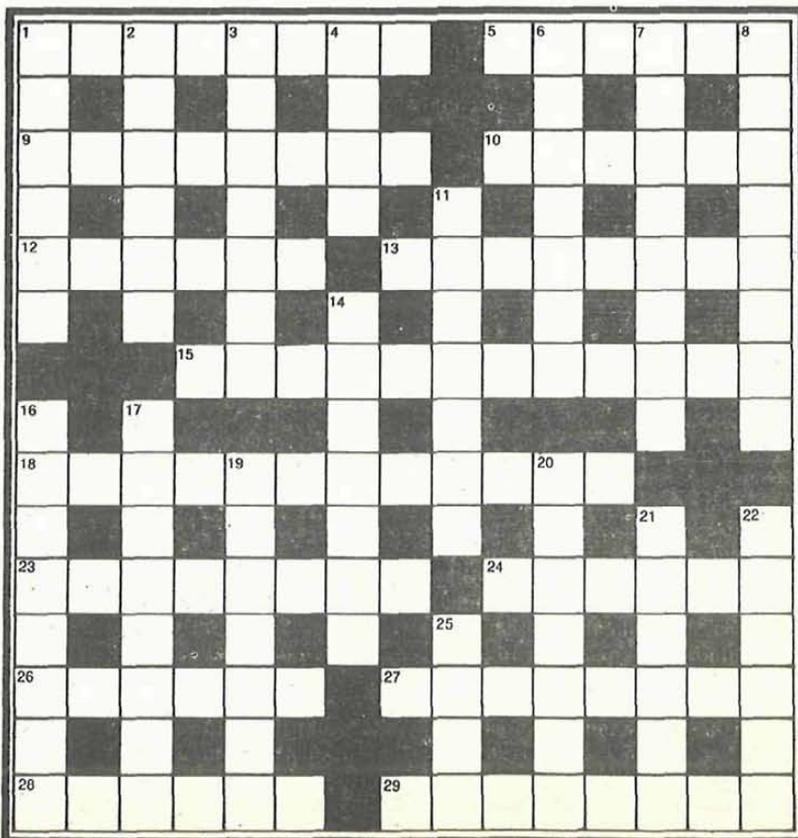
Clues

ACROSS

- 1 Beethoven had one, but Frankenstein. (4)
- 5 In Belgravia, a smile is worth half the price. (16)
- 9 Encomium? (5)
- 11 Cobblers preferred one, not strawberry. (3-4-3)
- 12 In 1923, a goodly sum. (1)
- 16 Crossmans' diaries owed it to Eliot? (4)
- 21 "Aspying a cod-piece twixt _____ and bodkin." (Rumple). (8)
- 22 Mr. Edison's favorite tie, undoubtedly! (11)
- 25 She walks on milk, but Churchill knows. (4-4)
- 27 Keeping pace, Eurodollar style. (7)

DOWN

- 1 Bombing in Glasgow, perhaps? (12)
- 2 Haltingly, for Sinophobes. (3)
- 3 Sorting the editions, he spies no monster there. (12)
- 4 Chick-peas for Caesar? (5)
- 5 Chesnuts on the Potomac, harakiri style. (6)
- 12 Gilbert and Sullivan ask who slapped you. (9-1)
- 14 A dozen chubby busses to Windsor? (6)
- 16 Hottentots would never make it here. (9)
- 21 Mrs. Gaskell's pancakes caused quite a flap, jack. (9-8)
- 24 Suspecting a mixed up gardener, molly bolts. (4-5)





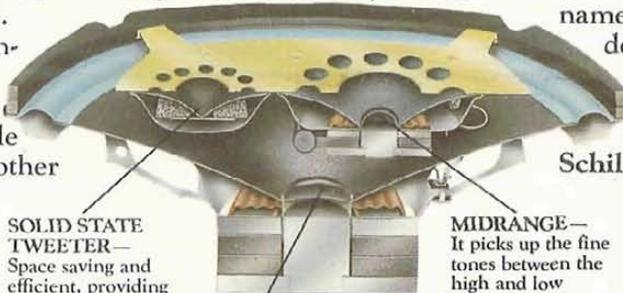
Jensen's Triaxial[®] 3-Way Speaker... Quite simply, the most advanced car stereo speaker ever.

For the best sound ever in your car. The first car stereo speaker with a woofer, a tweeter and a midrange.

Identical in principle to the best home stereo speakers. Jensen's midrange picks up a whole range of tones lost to any other car speaker.

The result: warm, rich, full sounds you never expected to find in your car.

From Jensen's Triaxial[®], the first 3-way car stereo speaker. For more information and the name of your nearest Jensen dealer, write
Jensen Sound Laboratories, Dept. 0-0
4136 N. United Parkway
Schiller Park, Illinois 60176.



SOLID STATE TWEETER—
Space saving and efficient, providing distortion-free high frequency response.

WOOFER—
Designed to reproduce lower frequency tones just as you would hear them in person.

MIDRANGE—
It picks up the fine tones between the high and low frequencies that other speakers miss.

[®]"Triax" and "Triaxial" are registered trademarks identifying the 3-way car stereo speaker of Jensen Sound Laboratories, Division of Pemcor, Inc.

JENSEN
SOUND LABORATORIES
Division of Pemcor, Inc.

Pure Pleasure.

The True Sound of Scott.

Scott speakers are designed and engineered for listeners who demand the ultimate in true sound reproduction.

All Scott speakers are designed and individually tested for low distortion, flat frequency response and the highest possible efficiency. Their crossover networks are built with low loss capacitors, and coils with exceptionally close tolerances to give you the truest sound possible.

Unlike many other speakers, Scott speakers neither add nor subtract from the original sound. And unlike so many of today's "fad" speakers, they don't distort the original sound for special effect. Nor do they color the sound for an exaggerated response.

Scott speakers provide pure listening pleasure by accurately reproducing music with qualities equivalent to live performances, and with a degree of authenticity limited only by the quality of the record, tape or broadcast signal.

It is this uncommon ability to reproduce sound in a truly natural fashion that has earned Scott

speakers their outstanding reputation and critical acclaim.

Listen for yourself. The true sound of Scott is pure pleasure. And true sound is built into every Scott speaker in every price range, from the Bookshelf Series to the distinguished PRO 100 shown here.

For specifications on our complete line of audio components, contact your nearest Scott dealer, or write H.H. Scott, Inc. Corporate Headquarters, 20 Commerce Way, Woburn, MA 01801. In Canada: Paco Electronics, Ltd., Quebec, Canada.



Individual Dispersion Control and Frequency Response Switches.

The PRO 100 provides a unique sound dispersion control that allows you to adjust the direction and amount of sound between the upward-firing and front-firing drivers. Two additional switches allow you to tailor the high end and midrange frequency response of the speaker to best match your room acoustics.



Three individual position switches allow you to tailor response to best match your own listening environment.

SCOTT[®] Warranty Identification Card

Warranty Number: 24026
 Model: PRO 100 Speakers (2)
 Serial Number: 1001374/1001375
 Expiration Date: January 1, 1983

Scott's unique, gold warranty card. Individualized with your warranty, model and serial numbers, and expiration date. Scott's fully transferable, five-year parts and labor-limited warranty is your assurance of lasting pleasure.

Unique Bi-Directional Midrange and Tweeter Arrangement.

Pairs of midrange and tweeter drivers in two planes, one horizontal and one vertical, offer the advantage of steering high-frequency distribution to most favorably complement speaker placement and individual listening taste. Unlike many other speaker systems, the Scott PRO 100 is not dependent on the reflecting surface of the listener's walls for its response, and provides a truly omnidirectional effect in any listening environment.



Upward-firing midrange and high-frequency drivers, as well as front-firing drivers, provide an omnidirectional effect that surrounds you with sound.

SCOTT[®]
The Name to listen to.

Receivers / Tuners / Amplifiers / Turntables / Speakers / Cassette Decks

LIFESTYLE CLASSIFIED

ENTERTAINMENT

Disco Tennis—Meet the best of both worlds. Dance in your shorts. Call Tony and Toni. (212) 555-0909.

Bookmobile and Live Sex Show—High quality hardcover books. Nonstop excitement. (212) 555-5432.

Sensible, Sane Orgies—Reasonably priced, attractive crowd, no heavy demands. (212) 555-6545.

ENTERTAINMENT/CHILDREN

Take your child to an Industrial Park. Plant and office tours in pretty, landscaped surroundings. KID-DIE TRIPS. (212) 555-8765.

FURNITURE

Tremendous discounts on famous name furniture—Knoll, Herman Miller, Stendig, Baker. Up to 75 percent off. Our secret? WE STEAL. 555-8709.

GOURMET SERVICES

Professional Gourmet—Hire me as a gourmet dinner guest. I promise lavish praise for your cooking, charming conversation. Good knowledge of wines, French, Italian, Chinese food preferred. R.B. Moody. 555-9898.

San Francisco Sourdough Steaks—The same steaks served at private clubs and millionaires' parties. Call Bill. 555-0998.

Color Photographs of Undiscovered Cheeses—Send for 8x10 glossy of rare, undiscovered cheeses—Indiana Blue-Vein Nun, Brown Gold, Sequoia, DAIRY DOLL. Box 45, Minneapolis, Minn.

INSTRUCTION

Make your own guitar picks. Evening classes. Congenial groups. Bisexual instructors. Matty and Klaus. 555-7800.

Speedsleeping—Learn to sleep hours faster, up to 900 minutes a day. Easy, quick method. No gimmicks. "Z" INSTITUTE OF INNER DYNAMICS, 750 East 87th Street, NYC.

Toilet Train Your Dog with Hypnosis Cassettes—Results guaranteed. No dog can resist. CA-CA UNLIMITED, Dept. Y, 650 West 76th Street, NYC.

Fast your way to suicide—Slow but painless way to end it all. Supervised fasting plus meditation, hard work, no liquids. INSTITUTE FOR RELAXED DYING, 987 East 45th Street, NYC.

All Sex Problems Solved by Masters and Johnson. Murray Masters and Liz Johnson take on all comers. By appointment only. 555-0909.

Learn Greek Massage—Centuries old technique uses phyllo pastry and feta cheese. No pain. Mixed classes. Free showers. Argo Health Club, 898 East 65th Street, NYC.

Start Smoking, Gain Weight—Learn how to inhale correctly, eat rich, fatty foods. Balkan and Turkish cigarettes used exclusively. Small classes. Call 555-9898.

LEISURE ACTIVITIES

Full Contact Golf—Hit everything and everybody. Free helmets. No lines, no green fees. FCG TOURS, Box 76, NYC.

Voyeur Trips—Smart East Side locations. Better type people. Free binoculars, cocktails. 555-0987.

PERSONAL IMPROVEMENT

Learn how to render chicken fat through hypnosis. Groups now forming. Call Moe or Hy. 555-0900.

Lose weight by eating yourself. Eat nonessential parts of your body: toes, fingers, knees, etc. Guaranteed weight loss. DR. PEELEGOOD, 555-3245.

The International Institute of Gestalt Biorhythmic is proud to announce that it is now accepting applicants for the first annual Fritz Perls Weekend Disco Intensive to be held at the Concorde Hotel, Catskills, New York. The fee is \$475.00 per person, and applications should be sent to the Institute at 892 West 79th Street, NY 10000.

RESTAURANTS

Enjoy—Lunch, tea, snacks in high-toned literary atmosphere. Also free urine analysis. JAMES JOYCE TEA ROOM AND URINE ANALYSIS LABS, 767 W. 43rd Street, NYC.

SERVICES

Ace Asking Service—We ask any question to anybody you want. All styles of asking—tough, polite, suave, sweet, sassy. No questions unasked. 555-0932.

Furniture shampooing—All work done in your home. Two applications, three rinses, blow dry. We shampoo wood, glass, chrome, plastic. Lamps our specialty. 555-9800.

Antique dildo repairs—I repair all sizes and makes of dildos of years past. Specializing in eighteenth century Immelmans and Schwanzers. No work done on plastic. No vibrator repair. HARVEY'S DILDO WORKS, 555-9898.

Shirt and Tie Polishing—Old world craftsmen use Viennese beeswax for permanent finish, high shine. No job too large or too small. 555-8765.

Ambience Chaser—I peek into apartments and make recommendations for decorating. Small fees. My kicks are voyeuristic. 555-9878. Ask for Billy Balding.

Expert Carpenter, painter, plasterer, paperhanger, floor finisher. \$2 an hour. Finest work. Can you come to Topeka where I live? Mr. Ted, 43 Maple Ave., Topeka, Kansas 54987.

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Oceanic Moped Vacations—Bring your Moped along for a different kind of vacation. You'll sail from New York on the *Argo Venetia*, a fully-registered Liberian petrol tanker specially fitted with driving surfaces below and above decks, so you can drive your Moped across the Atlantic.

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It was conceived with much of the same advanced technology and all of the commitment to excellence that gave birth to the Quantum Line Source.

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White Rastafarians: The Hot New Chicago Lifestyle

By Peter Kaminsky

“Mayo...is the color of mother’s milk and father’s semen...it unites the male and female principles...”



The three women come into the room. They are naked as Eve. Mayonnaise glistens on their blond tresses. Mayonnaise shines and streams from their Amazon frames. The air is heavy with the sickly sweet scent of freshly made mayonnaise. It hangs in the air like mist on some tropic river.

One by one, the three priestesses draw close to the altar, taking a dollop of mayonnaise from the chalice. One by one they approach the High Priest, Vicar of Rainier. They anoint his rigid Grand Prix with the Holy Balm.

From the laundry room, a fourth woman is led in. She is younger, fresher, blonder. She is deep in a mayonnaise trance. The priestesses lead her to the waiting vicar. They take up the chant.

I give to you and you give to me
True love, true love.

The mayonnaise-drugged virgin is placed atop the Prix. She is no longer the girl she was before. She is Amazing Grace, Consort of Rainier. From the lips of the pumping priest, there comes a strange French voice.

ers, too. But Bud's faith is strong. He had met and talked with God at 1:43 in the afternoon during a holding penalty in Super Bowl XI. God told Bud to spread the word, and the word *mayo*.

Why mayo? One might just as well ask, "Why the Cross?" or "Why a duck?" To the White Rastafarians, mayonnaise is everything. They eat it, drink it, coat their hair with it; they massage their bodies, polish their furniture, lubricate their cars, and brush their teeth with it. In the words of Williams: "Mayo is cool, creamy, bland, satisfying, tasty, and wonderful. Our Lady of Philadelphia, Princess Grace, ate mayo all through her childhood. Then she grew up to marry Rainier. Could anything be clearer? Mayo is a sign of Grace, a message from God Almighty."

Mayo to the White Rasta is the alpha and omega of human existence. Mayo, in its whiteness, is the template from which is cast the symbolic universe of white suburbia. It is the color of mother's milk and father's semen; thus it

days a year. It's a killing pace, but Williams keeps it up. Why? "Because Rainier demands it. I must put aside my petty desires and do His bidding," says Bud, with an air of resignation.

But if Williams is Mahomet, what about the little Mahometans? What about the average, everyday, man-in-the-street, girl-next-door White Rastafarian? How does he/she live? What are his/her hopes, his/her dreams, his/her aspirations?

Grace Kiley (all Rasta women take the name Grace) arises at a quarter to seven and begins her long list of religious duties. After performing her ablutions with mayonnaise, she throws a spoon of mayo in some freshly squeezed orange juice and serves it to her family (typically, Rasta women have one husband and two or three children of both sexes). Following a mayo omelette, the family leaves their dwelling, commonly referred to as a *home* or *apartment*. The husband performs labor in an *office* or *factory*, in return for which he receives a

"...The Rasta woman will...sprinkle mayonnaise on her husband's shirts, after which she will perform the 'ironing' ritual..."

So on and on it must always be
Love forever true

So Jah seh, Jah Rastafah, Jah Rainier,
Jah Monaco.

It is done. The earth has moved. And the ceremony was good.

All hail the Lion of Monaco!

Byron "Bud" Williams didn't quit his job as Emission Control V.P. at International Harvester in order to deflower blond virgins. And he didn't quit merely to grow his hair in the long mayonnaise dreadlocks that have become all the rage in the Chicago suburb of Lake Forest. Bud Williams had the classic reaction to survival in this rat race called life...indigestion. And then he found Rainier, Jehovah Rastafah. Or, as he tells it, he found God.

"We were watching the Super Bowl and I was scarfing down the taco chips when the pain started in my stomach. I tried club soda, bicarb, Roloids, milkshakes... no good. I had the Chicago fire in my guts. And then the room filled with a milky glow. I looked up, and a beautiful middle-aged man with a Don Ameche moustache was standing in front of me holding a bowl of the freshest, creamiest mayonnaise this side of heaven. 'Hello, Buddy,' he said, 'I am Jehovah Rainier. I have brought you my Holy Food so that you may know God and quench the fire in your heart. Eat, eat, my child!'"

Religious delusion? Who's to say? Jesus and Mohammed had their doubt-

unites the male and female principles. It is the color of bread and of skin; thus it unifies the animal and plant kingdoms. It is the great equalizer of food, at home on a pastrami sandwich or a chef's salad with julienne vegetables. It is light yet filling. To put it another way, mayo is both Spirit and Flesh. If Jehovah had sent the Israelites mayo for their manna, they might have shortened the Exodus, camping right there in the dry bed of the Red Sea; and there would be no Arab-Israeli conflict today. At least that's how Bud Williams explains it.

Three short years ago, mayo was just another condiment and Rainier just another postage stamp prince. It has taken the faith and boundless energy of one man to turn this bizarre melange into the most vigorous American-born religious movement since Mormonism. That one man is Bud Williams, and his faith and energy are truly beyond human ken. How else could he keep up his killing schedule?

Item: On an average day, Williams, in his capacity as High Priest, must perform two dozen Divine Marriage ceremonies. That's two dozen avatars of Grace Kelly to douse in mayonnaise. Two dozen anointings of the Grand Prix of Bud Williams. Two dozen ritual consummations of the Marriage of the Gods. Now if you strip away the religious aspects of the ceremony, Williams has "intimate" relations with two dozen sexually healthy virgins every day, 365

bimonthly cash subvention, or *paycheck*. The children are off to their Rasta school, where they learn French, baccarat, and mayo making. Meanwhile, back in her sanctuary, the Rasta woman will characteristically sprinkle mayonnaise on her husband's shirts, after which she will perform the "ironing" ritual (passing an electrical device with a flat metal surface over the shirts while humming the score to *High Society*). The mixture of the electric device with the chant produces wrinkle-free shirts. At some point in the late morning, groups of Rasta women will put their hair up in mayonnaise-soaked curlers and join in a "coffee klatch," celebrating their friendship bond with a communal beverage consisting of Brim and mayonnaise. At day's end, the husband and children return home for the evening mayo, after which they might play a game of roulette or just relax over a videotape of *Dial M for Murder*.

And so it goes, day in day out—each day a celebration of the peace and serenity of the religious life among these simple suburban folk who call Rainier their god. And someday, if they have been good Rastafarians, they will go to Rasta heaven, in a faraway place called *Monaco*. They even have a song about the Rasta life-to-come:

*When Rainier comes
We'll sit bestride our chaise
And sip our mayonnaise,
When Rainier comes.*

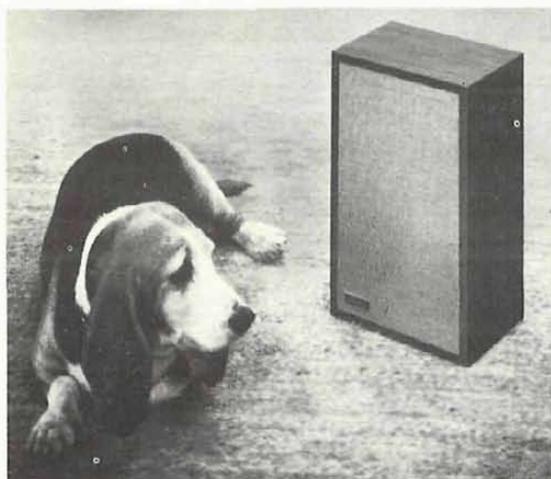
S.A.S RAINIER III
PRINCE SOUVERAIN DE MONACO



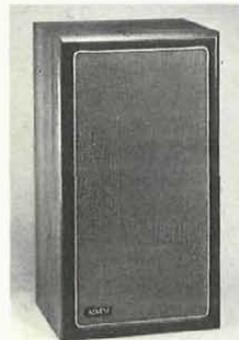
Rainier, Prince of Monaco:
Lion of the Riviera, Conqueror of Monte Carlo, Friend of David Niven, Avatar of Jehovah, Defender of the White Sox, Fountain of Grace, Emperor of Rome.

(There Will Be A Spot Quiz At The End.)

If You Don't Read This Ad, You Won't Know What's In It.



Hello and welcome to our (Advent's) fourth annual ad in the National Lampoon. Last year, you may not recall, we got stuck way back among the personal hygiene (ahem) ads. But we don't discourage easily. And if you read and/or respond to this ad, both you and we will be all the better off maybe for it.



In this paragraph, for instance, is the New Advent Loudspeaker. The New Advent is a new version of this country's best-selling and most imitated speaker system. And its sound, which comes for \$129 to \$159* (depending on cabinet finish and how far we've shipped it), stacks up

against absolutely anything of any price or size or glittering multi-faceted complexity.

Likewise, this paragraph's Advent Model 300 Receiver has sound that compares not only with that of far more expensive receivers but with that of super-expensive combinations of separate preamps, amps, and tuners. Within its power limits, as confirmed by one of the

hi-fi mag reviewers, it sounds as good as stuff which costs many times its suggested price of \$269.95. And one very hard-nosed audio publication has called its preamp better than an \$1,800 jobbie.

So of course it makes sense for you to have learned these facts. Also, in case you need something for late-night candlelight information games, a tundish is a kind of funnel.

Please accept our annual thank-you for reading this, and please see our coupon for the spot quiz that will verify that we've made the connection.

To: Advent Corporation, 195 Albany Street,
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

QUIZ

What is Spiderman's nickname? _____

Summarize the plot of Star Wars. _____

What was the name of the intuitive rabbit (Hazel's brother)? _____

Who and where is Jann Wenner? _____

What is Rolwing? _____

What was Nick Machiavelli's favorite Italian food? _____

How high is up? _____

Having answered the above as I see fit, I would like information on the New Advent Loudspeaker and your Model 300 Receiver. Please forward my grade to a distant uncle.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

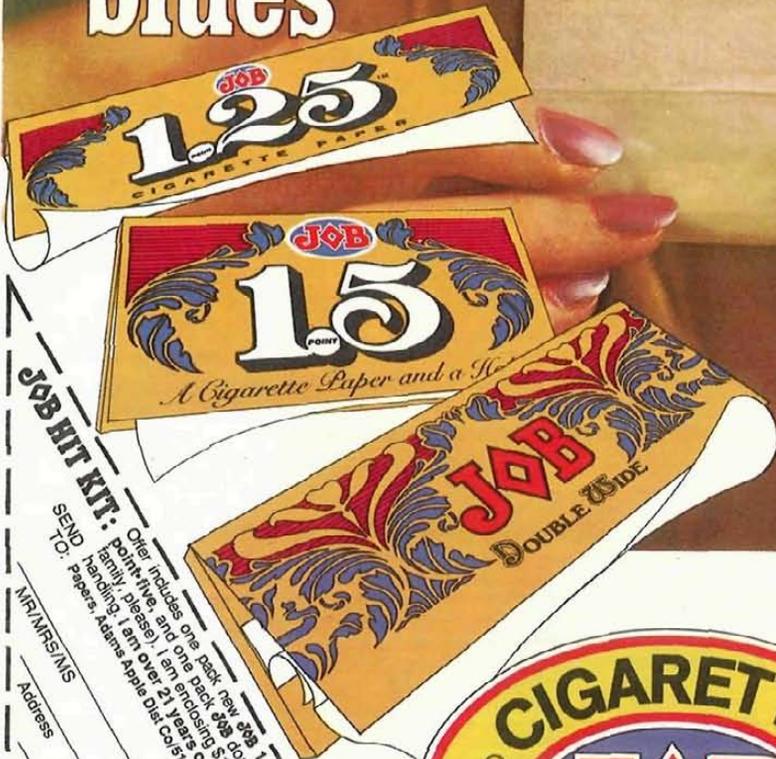
State _____ Zip _____

Advent Corporation, 195 Albany Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.

*Suggested price, subject to change without notice.

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How Bob and Jennie saved a lot of money, their record collection and their relationship.

By reading Warehouse Sound's free 1978 stereo catalog, that's how. Bob liked folk-rock loud and deep, while Jenny liked country high and sweet. They couldn't find a stereo system within their budget that could do both. You know how silly some arguments sound when they start . . . Meanwhile, their old record player was slowly ruining their collection.

In the nick of time the new Warehouse Sound catalog arrived in the mail: 64 pages of information on over 100 brands of stereo components with recommendations for ear pleasing complete systems at all price levels. They found a music system that could satisfy Bob's bass desires and Jenny's high frequencies for a lot less money than they expected to pay. So far, they've lived happily ever after.



We've helped more than 100,000 people like Bob and Jenny in the seven years since the bright idea hit us: ship stereo components direct to the customer's home and eliminate the middleman's profit. The catalog is free. Our guide to stereo buying, *The How To Hi-Fi Guide*, is a dollar and worth it. So give us a try: see how many things you can save.

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FREE Stereo Catalog

Enclosed is \$1 for your hot new catalog and the "How to Hi-Fi Guide" sent via Priority First Class Mail.

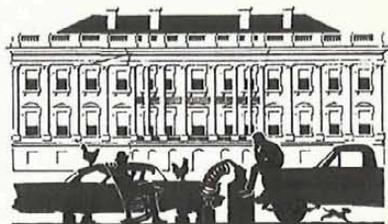
Just zip me your free catalog via Third Class Mail.

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 address _____
 city _____ state _____ zip _____

Warehouse Sound Co.
 Box S, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405, 805/544-9700

DC

The Carter Family



by Ruth Stapleton Carter, The President's Sister

It certainly is a fine thing to have this fine opportunity to put some good Christian talk in here where my cousin Mr. Bob Carter usually is. Not to say that Mr. Bob is not a fine man and a fine Christian when he doesn't smell too much of whiskey-drinking, which is almost as much of a sin as having a Pope or makeup on. But it is nevertheless a fine thing to have this fine opportunity to put some good Christian talk in here where my cousin Mr. Bob Carter usually is.

There are many things which I could talk about or discuss about what great changes we have seen since we have a good Christian as a president who is my, I'm proud to say, brother—how there is no more unemployment or dishonesty anywhere, how there is no more welfare or poverty, and how there aren't any government employees living around with women who aren't married now. But I would rather take this opportunity instead to present the words of God our Lord Himself in the Bible. Which I have been laboring hard on a new translation of which won't be so hard to understand. For example, here is my new translation of Chapter One of Genesis, which is much more simple:

Genesis Chapter 1

- 1 In the beginning it was Monday morning.
- 2 God made up and down.
- 3 God made back and forth.
- 4 God made water.
- 5 Along about Friday, God threw out the water and filled the back and forth with horses, pigs, and chickens.
- 6 And what-have-you.
- 7 Saturday God made Adam and Eve and made Adam president.
- 8 Adam had an operation; which is how we got Eve.
- 9 Sunday, everybody went to church.

Lots of folks have trouble reading in the Bible because so much of what goes on in there is not familiar to them like cubits and whores of Baby-

continued on page 111

THE R-Z30: RIZLA SYSTEM REPORT

R-Z30 says: "Yes friends, it's true. Nine out-of-ten cybernetic organisms tested, said they preferred the Rizla System 10.432K to 1.003. And the basic reason for such wide acceptance was that it didn't take a Maximum Data-Bif Code to figure out how to use it.

In tests conducted among a random sampling of Illythia Starsystem worker drones, even those with the lowest punch card mentality, were able to produce exquisitely-rolled smoking tubes without a single malfunction.

And aside from its operational ease, elegance of style, and logical design, Rizla remembers that all rolling papers, like all cyborgs, are not created equal. Which is why Rizla has created an individual machine for it's long papers, short papers, wide papers and regular papers, too.

The Rizla System. It's the best. I swear to HAL."

RIZLA

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The full line of Rizla rolling machines and papers is available at all the usual places.

IF YOU CAN AFFORD THE BEST...



No matter what anyone tells you, you don't get better for less. You get what you pay for. That's why, when you're looking for quality stereo, you may have to spend a little more for Marantz...the finest audio equipment you can buy.

The Marantz 2500 is unquestionably the world's most powerful receiver. It delivers an awesome **250 watts per channel (minimum RMS at 8 Ohms, 20-20,000 Hz)** with no more than **0.05% THD!** And yet it conveniently fits shelves or cabinets.

The Marantz 2500 handles its tremendous power effortlessly. An especially designed Marantz **toroidal dual power supply** lets each channel perform unaffected by the power demands of the other. There are more innovations, like the **tunnel "pin fin" heat sink**, the most efficient cooling system on the market.

*TM Dolby Labs, Inc.

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"I want Marantz!"



Full complementary symmetry direct-coupled output circuitry, for highest reliability.

Two **LED peak-power indicators** show when the amplifier is at full output. A **built-in oscilloscope** gives unequalled tuning precision, while the **5-gang FM tuning capacitor** and **dual-gate MOS FET FM front end** comprise the most advanced tuner you can buy. The ultra-sophisticated noise-filtering system incorporates

convenient **plug-in optional Dolby* FM noise reduction** circuitry plus the **18 dB per octave 9 kHz Bessel-derived high filter** and **15 Hz sub-sonic Butterworth low filter**.

If you're a music lover who will accept nothing less than the very finest...tell 'em you want Marantz.

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We sound better

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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL

True Facts

• A plumber in Bethlehem, Pa., was called to unclog a gas station toilet and found the pipes stuffed with more than \$3,000 in \$100 bills. Local authorities said that the bills were not counterfeit, nor could they be traced to any recent robbery. *UPI*

• An English court granted a divorce to Doris and Albert May, who'd been married for twenty-six years, after Doris charged that Albert ran around naked playing the tambourine outside their house whenever she rejected his sexual advances, and Albert charged that Doris made him pay £4 each time that they slept together. Irreconcilable differences, ruled the judge. *Memphis Commercial Appeal* (Kathy Black)

• The Pasadena, California, police department has ordered fifteen pink patrol cars. The department's internal newsletter said that the cruisers are part of a "new thrust in community relations" and "radiate a pink aura, easily visible." *Toronto Star*

• Two policemen in Austin, Texas, stopped Leno McGarity on a traffic violation. McGarity was accompanied by his three-year-old son. While one officer was writing a ticket, the three-year-old held up his father's .38 revolver and told the second officer, "My daddy has one just like yours, and he keeps his dope right here."

McGarity was booked for unlawfully carrying a weapon and possession of marijuana. *Miami Herald*

• Gaboo Miyan, a farmer in India, was bitten by a rabid dog. Miyan suffered no ill ef-

fects, but the dog promptly died. Five months later, Miyan was bitten by a krait snake, whose poison is considered five times deadlier than the cobra's. Again, Miyan was not affected, and the next day the krait was found dead on the ground near where it had bitten him. Miyan attributes his apparent immunity to rabies and snakebite to his consumption of large quantities of the

kuchela herb, which contains strychnine. *The Jerusalem Post* (David Weiss)

• Florence Moffett of Detroit, Michigan, was asleep in her apartment when a man crawled through the bedroom window and attempted to sexually assault her. Ms. Moffett demanded that the man first allow her to read some passages from the Bible laying on her night-

stand. They discussed religion for several minutes, and the man said that he had gone to Sunday school as a child. He then agreed to leave.

"This strengthens my firm belief that children should go to Sunday school. It gives them something for later in life," said Ms. Moffett. *Toronto Star*

• Police in Janesville, Wisconsin, caught Michael P. Carlson intimidating a cornered rat at 3:00 A.M. on a downtown street. Carlson said the rat had bitten him, but the officers claimed that they could see no rat bites on Carlson's body, and ordered him to leave the rat alone. Carlson then tried to throw his coat over the rodent, and was arrested. *Janesville Gazette* (Michael Dixon)

• Walter Alves Pereira, a forty-nine-year-old uneducated barber in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has successfully completed fifteen plastic surgery operations on himself, rebuilding his nose and mouth with skin from his chest, using half a razor blade, a pair of tweezers, and an ordinary needle and thread.

Pereira was badly disfigured in a fall down a flight of stairs. He was told that plastic surgery could correct his disfigurement, but he couldn't afford it, so he bought a book on the subject at a local medical center.

"I never had any infections because I boiled everything before using it," he explained. "People said I was crazy... but I did it so that they would stop calling me names and throwing stones at me." *Toronto Star*

LIVES OF THE GREAT
THIS MONTH:
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER 1839-1937

JOHN D., FOUNDER OF THE ROCKEFELLER FORTUNE, CREATED ITS CORNERSTONE, THE STANDARD OIL TRUST, BY SYSTEMATICALLY DESTROYING ALL COMPETITION. HE SAID OF HIS BUSINESS METHODS, "I HAD OUR PLAN CLEARLY IN MIND IT WAS RIGHT. I KNEW IT AS A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE IT WAS RIGHT BETWEEN ME AND MY GOD"

Sticks and Corn

EACH YEAR, ROCKEFELLER GAVE HIS GROUNDS KEEPERS A FIVE DOLLAR CHRISTMAS BONUS. THEN DOCKED THEM FIVE DOLLARS FOR TAKING THE DAY OFF.

ROCKEFELLER'S PHILANTHROPY TOOK MANY FORMS. HE MADE HIS EMPLOYEES WORK ON LABOR DAY, EXPLAINING THAT, "INSTEAD OF SPENDING MONEY ON AMUSEMENTS, MY EMPLOYEES WILL BE GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY TO ADD TO THEIR SAVINGS."

ROCKEFELLER OFTEN GAVE MONEY TO PEOPLE ON THE STREET, A NICKEL FOR CHILDREN AND A SHINY NEW DIME FOR ADULTS. CROWDS SOMETIMES FLOCKED AROUND HIM, ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT HE WAS CHEERFULLY DISTRIBUTING HORSE CHESTNUTS.

THE AGING ROCKEFELLER IN ANTICIPATION OF HIS DECLINE, HAD HOSPITALS BUILT IN ALL OF HIS HOMES AND REPORTEDLY HIRED YOUNG WOMEN TO BREAST-FEED HIM. HE LIVED TO BE ALMOST NINETY-NINE.

T

Media Notes

An article entitled, "Is Your Child on Drugs?" appeared in a recent issue of *Parade* magazine, and provided a list of symptoms which might indicate drug abuse in a child. The list was supplied by the Health Insurance Institute of New York, and included such symptoms as: "laughing excessively at things no one else thinks are funny;" "a tendency to sit looking off into space;" "staying out longer than usual and giving evasive answers when questioned about it;" and "wild forays on the icebox."

From an editorial in the Columbus, Ohio, *Citizen-Journal*:

"It's bad enough that Columbus has so many prostitutes . . . but—pound for pound—we must have some of the heaviest and homeliest hookers in the country."

Erich von Däniken (*Chariots of the Gods*, etc., etc., etc.) has published a new book which argues, yet again, that the earth was visited in ancient times by beings from outer space. In making one of his major points, von Däniken refers to the respected British magazine *New Scientist*, which published an article giving evidence that the Ark of the Covenant that Moses and the Israelites carried through the Sinai wilderness was actually a manna-making machine. "One is tempted to speculate," writes von Däniken, "that about 3,000 years ago, the earth was visited by creatures from space and that these visitors brought the machine with them."

The *New Scientist* issue in which the manna machine article appeared was dated April 1, 1976.

U

Spoilers

Here are the endings to some things which you'd only read or sit through to find out the endings.

BOOKS

Sleeping Murder by Agatha Christie: The brother did it. And, unlike Poirot, Miss Marple survives her last case.

The Last Chance by Rona Jaffe: Rachel is raped by Ellen's husband Hank, and is stabbed to death by a crazy woman the next day. Ellen is hospitalized after her anorexic daughter hurls an iron at her. Nikki leaves her husband Robert and has an affair with a movie star author. Margot tries to kill herself, but takes too few sleeping pills.

Magic by William Goldman: Fats turns out to be really a dummy after all, and Corky turns out to be crazy, the two having killed Ben Green, Duke, and themselves.

The Tangent Objective by Lawrence Sanders: Captain Anokye goes for the oil deal, kills the king, abandons Yvonne, and makes a political marriage. There is every possibility at the end that Tangent is a homosexual.

The Doctor's Wife by Brian Moore: Sheila Redden has an affair with Tom Lowry, an American ten years her junior. She leaves her husband, but goes to London to live alone rather than running away with Tom.

Monty by Robert La Guardia: Glamorous Montgomery Clift was a homosexual who was both cruel and self-destructive, and ultimately killed himself slowly with drugs and alcohol.

MOVIES

The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane: Jodie Foster

poisons Martin Sheen, and it looks like she'll get away with it.

One on One: He wins the big game.

Black and White in Color: After a good deal of black blood is shed, the British arrive to stop the fighting and take over the entire area. The young French leader discovers he has much in common with his German counterpart.

The Honourable Schoolboy by John Le Carré: The Circus gets Nelson Ko but the Cousins abscond with him. West-erby is killed by his own side trying to deal with Drake for Elizabeth, and Smiley is forcibly retired after the case is concluded.

True Masthead

Edited by P.J. O'Rourke
"Bullshit" by Ellis Weiner
"Spoilers" by Danny Abelson
"True Facts" by Wendy Mogel

Research Editor: Chuck Bartelt

Art Directors: Lisa Lenovitz and Alan Rose

Contributing Editors: P. Howard Lyon, Lawrence Hochberger, Pedar Ness, Alan Rose, Ben Ellard, Bradley Razook

Contributions: We will pay \$10 for every item used, \$20 for b & w photos, \$30 for color photos. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. In case of duplication, earliest postmark is selected.

Editor's Note: The items which appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in the *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.



Reproduced above is the July, 1977, cover of the Italian magazine *Grand Hotel*. The cover line translates: "Jackie's latest problem: Amin wants to seduce her."

T

Bullshit

ARTICLE OF THE MONTH

"Bullshit" stands in awe before the work of Canadian scribe McKenzie Porter, author of the *Toronto Star* syndicated column, "Body Hygiene." It was his column (reprinted in its entirety in the March 1977 "True Facts") that so strongly condemned having bowel movements in public rest rooms. Now, headlining his column "Lust's Labors Lost," Mr. Porter has set forth his analysis of sexual perversion and its link to excessive sexual indulgence—no, to sloth and "sex starvation"—no, to ... well, something. Thus: "Sadism usually follows excessive indulgence in normal sexual activity, a seeking for novelty to whet an appetite jaded by too much masturbation or too much conventional coupling." While, on the other hand: "Satyriasis and nymphomania occur most frequently during sloth. When their minds and bodies are under-exercised men and women become rut-tish." Then follows this syntactically interesting sentence: "A day of lolling on the beach is more likely to lead to an orgy in the hotel than ten sets of tennis."

The problem, of course, is exacerbated "as technology becomes more ubiquitous." (Nice phrase, that.)

Canny in his use of euphonious alliteration, Mr. Porter builds to a crescendo: "As society becomes more languorous it becomes more lecherous, more prone to experiment in voluptuous variations and so more prolific in its production of the sexual gluttons who become dangerous sadists."

Then the culprit is revealed: "Widespread indolence and its concomitant

R

depravity stem from permissive government. Third rate politicians, aided by swarms of bureaucratic lackeys, find the fruits of office so juicy that they bribe the ignorant masses to vote for them with constant handouts of soft life legislation."

But there is hope: "Recently, stunning crimes of sexually perverted violence have awakened the masses to the horrors implicit in permissive government. A return to strong government is mandatory if the Western democracies are to escape the form of internal collapse that gave Rome to the barbarians."

In sum, then, this is Mr. Porter's theory: stronger government will lead to first rate politicians, who in turn will give us hard life legislation. This will also make technology less ubiquitous, resulting in less masturbation or conventional coupling. Less sex, therefore, will lead to less perversion, and will stave off internal collapse. It is this kind of no-nonsense plain talk that, for "Bullshit" makes life worth living, be it hard or soft.

U

Your Tax \$ at Work

The State Legislature of Maine has set aside the first day of winter as an annual holiday to honor Chester Greenwood, who invented earmuffs.

The Oregon State House of Representatives has acted to make the Sasquatch, or "Big-foot," a protected species.

The lower House of the Iowa State legislature has declared the state flower of Kansas, the sunflower, a noxious weed. Seven years ago, when similar legislation was proposed in Iowa, Kansas introduced a bill to declare the state bird of Iowa, the goldfinch, a public nuisance. This year Kansas has not yet been heard from.

Massachusetts has had to modify its state gun control laws so that persons convicted of carrying unregistered BB guns will not get an automatic one-year jail sentence.

A bill to forbid the sale of candy containing liquor to minors has been introduced in the California state assembly by Assemblywoman Leona Egeland (D-San Jose), who stated, during debate, that, "My seven-year-old with her 50 cents allowance

E

could go down to the store and buy two Babarums, ride her bicycle in traffic, go to the playground, do other childish things, and not be in total control."

The U.S. Law Enforcement Assistance Administration commissioned a prototype police patrol car of the future which contains \$49,000 worth of electronic equipment, including a micro-computer whose readout tells the driver, among other things, whether the siren is on.

The U.S. Forest Service is doing design research on a solar-powered outhouse.

A recent Labor Department Occupational Safety and Health Administration farm safety pamphlet contained the following two passages: "Hazards are one of the main causes of accidents. A hazard is anything that is dangerous." And, "Be careful that you do not fall into the manure pits."

A California county recently applied to the Commerce Department for \$1 million in public works funds to build a swimming pool. The county had previously received \$7 million in drought relief aid.

More Recent Notable Headlines

Oklahoma County News 7/7/77

Parents have seven weeks to have children shot

Miami Herald 6/15/77

New York Times 11/23/75

American Neighbors: Complaint Beware of Eating Your Dogs, Lauemaker Warns Vietnamese

Girl to Visit Pair Accused of Killing Her

Dallas Times Herald

Dallas Times Herald
Elderly often burn victims

No violence mars busing in two cities

Financial Times of Canada 6/20/77

Pork bellies back in fashion

New York Daily News 9/15/77

New State Rape Law, in Effect Today, Plugs Escape Route



Russell Holloway, Atlanta, Georgia



Roger McLeod, Milledgeville, Georgia



Russell Holloway, Atlanta, Georgia



John Todd, Santa Cruz, California



Nancy E. Davis, Maumee, Ohio



John Feddercke, Toledo, Ohio



Mike Quigley, Portland, Oregon



Michael Starno, Phoenix, Arizona

THE OPTIMUM.



The first tuner and amplifier that won't scare you into buying a receiver.

Most people buy a receiver instead of a separate tuner and amplifier because they think it's easier to handle, less complicated, not as frightening, even less expensive.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Which is amply proven by the Optonica™ ST-3636 tuner and the SM-4646 amplifier, a pair so easy to get along with, and so affordable.

Nobody gives you a combination of features like the smart-looking Optonica ST-3636 tuner. It's got Opto-Lock tuning, which locks in the signal and locks out station drift and unwanted noise. The advanced FM front end is designed for excellent sensitivity, outstanding selectivity and a high signal-to-noise ratio.

The Optonica ST-3636 also comes with air check circuitry so that

a tape deck can be calibrated to record FM broadcasts at the optimum level.

Just wait until you get your hands on Optonica's SM-4646 amplifier. The beautifully engineered front panel gives you total control flexibility to meet every recording and listening need.

There are three independent power supply circuits to give you full range stability and power handling. This Delta power amplifier puts out smooth, effortless reproduction.

With the SM-4646 you've got the power to handle it all. There's a full 85 watts per channel minimum RMS at 8 ohms, from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.08% THD.

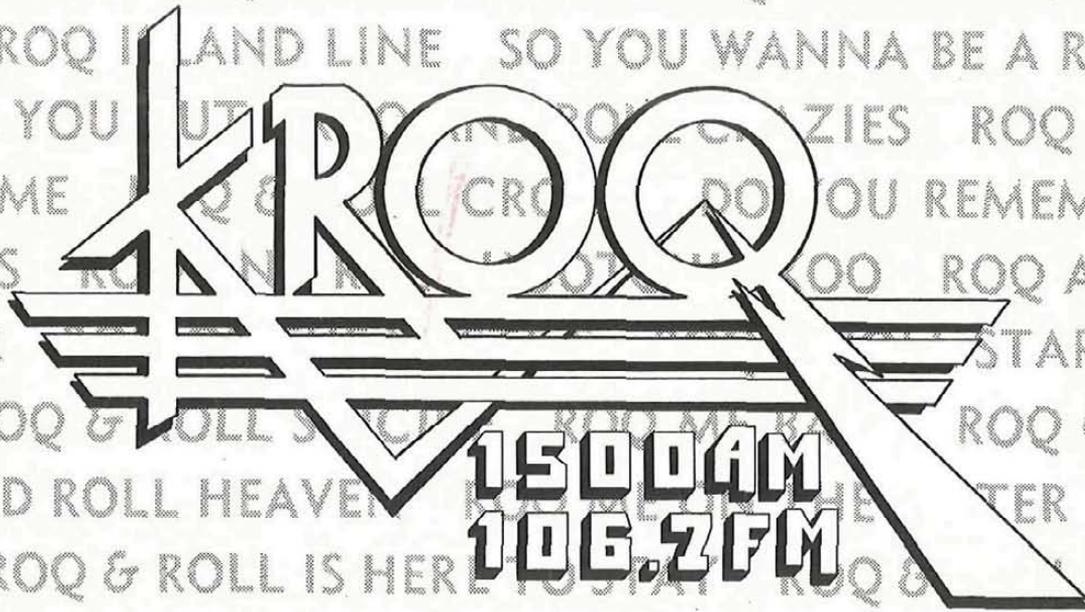
With that kind of power, you need protection. And you get it with

an LED Automatic Protection Circuit. This exclusive Optonica feature isolates vital output components if the outputs are accidentally shorted. And to prevent speaker damage, the circuit will also activate if excessive DC voltage occurs at the output.

We invite you to test the Optimum tuner and amplifier to find out just how comfortable separates can be for you.

We'd also like to give you a free copy of our full line catalog. Just call toll-free 800-447-4700 day or night (in Illinois dial 1-800-322-4400) for the name and address of your nearest Optonica showroom, or write Optonica, Dept. NLB, 10 Keystone Place, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

OPTONICA THE OPTIMUM.

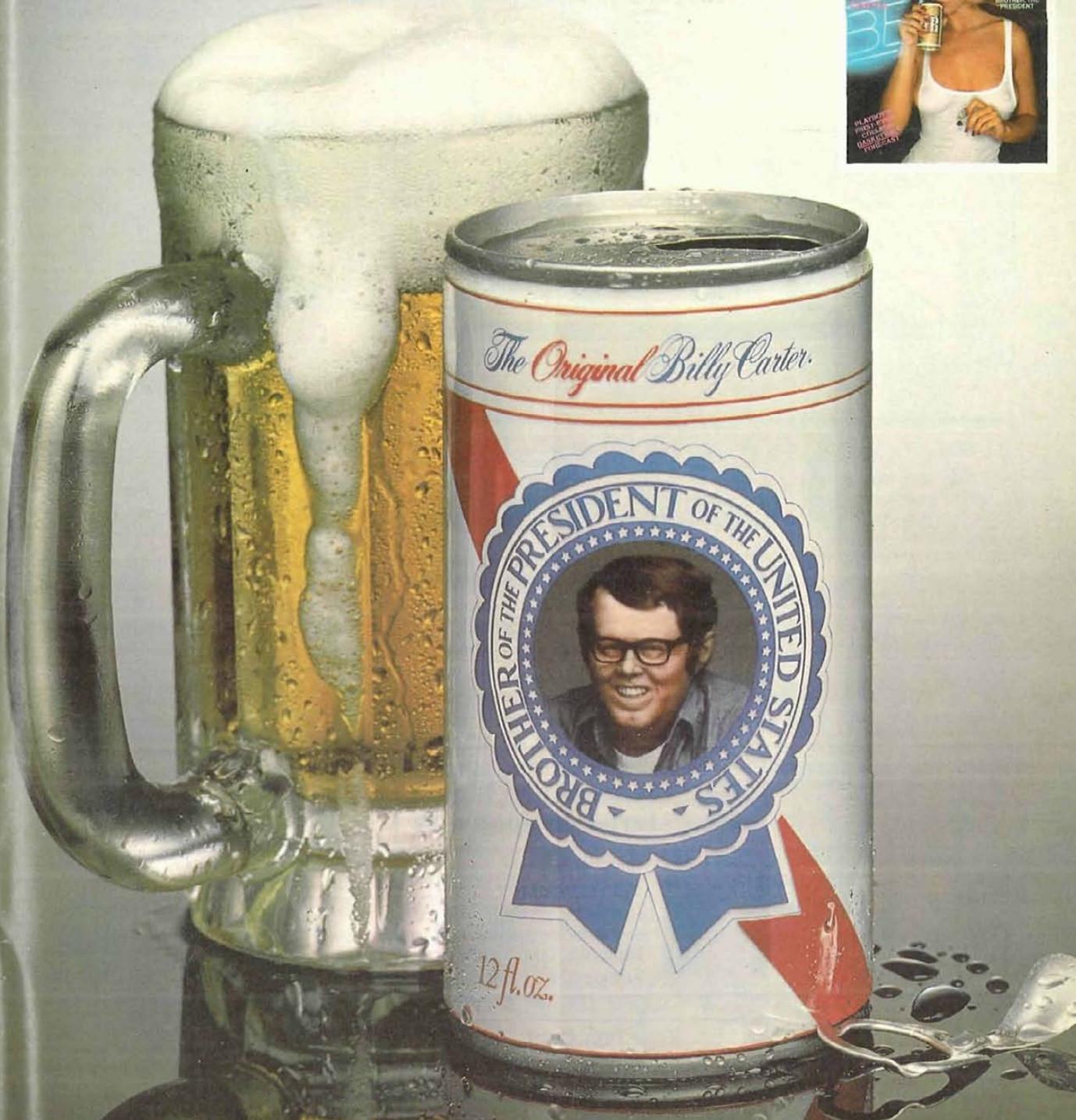


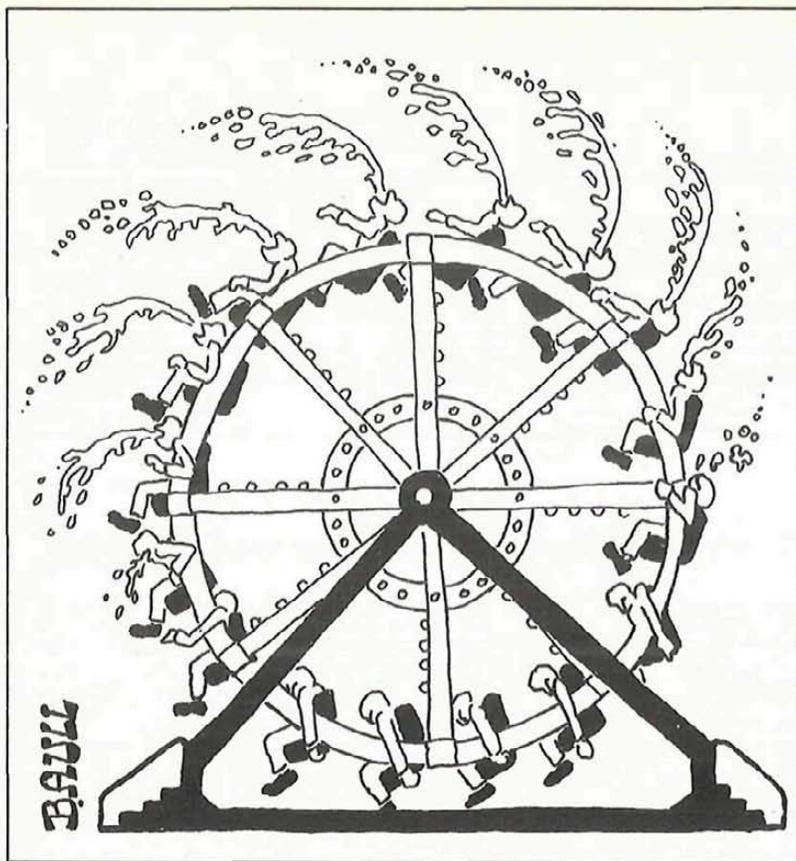
THE ROCKS OF L.A.

The Marketing of Billy Carter

You've survived the pet rock, but are you ready for *this* year's hot marketing concept? And dang! If it isn't everybody's favorite 'good ole boy' himself: Brother Billy. In *Chairman Billy*, you'll learn how a beer-guzzling gas pumper from southern Georgia is finding himself the darling of Mad Ave's newest craze celeb: Redneck Chic. For the jock crowd, this month's PLAYBOY debuts our first annual *College Basketball Preview*—the teams and players most likely to succeed in this year's campus courting ritual. Plus, a frank profile of football's

Frank Gifford. Meanwhile, *Sex in Cinema—1977* brings you up to the minute on who and what's going down on today's movie screens. There's also a first look at a major new political novel, *In the National Interest*. And an interview with Henry Kyemba, who fled his post as Uganda's health minister to tell the world of Idi Amin's atrocities. All of this and more. In November PLAYBOY. At newsstands now.





THE CARTER FAMILY

continued from page 111

well in school were buying flashlight batteries at the drugstore, the captain of the football team came to the slumber party, and the girls who did do well in school let him in and all got dates with him for the next five Saturday nights.

11 Later, the girls who had been buying flashlight batteries came back, but no one would let them in.

12 So watch out, because you never know when the captain of the football team might come to your slumber party.

Plus here are some other well-known sayings made more modern:

There's a four-lane interstate highway to hell, but the sidewalk in front of your local church is only about two feet wide and probably needs its cement fixed.

Don't build your home in the sandbox.

It's easier to park a truck in your mailbox than it will be for those Republican bankers to get into heaven.

Cut a house in half and it'll fall to bits.

Don't throw your wedding ring to the pigs.

Also, last but not least, I've made all the psalms rhyme, because *psalms* is Jewish for "hymn tunes," and hymns are easier to sing if they rhyme the way they now do, like this:

Psalm 25

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not have needs.

He maketh me lie down in the weeds.

He leadeth me beside still water
And restoreth my soul the way that
He ought'er.

He leadeth me in the paths of right
For His name's sake, to make me act
white.

Yea though I walk through the valley of death,

I won't get crippled, diseased, or bad breath.

For Thou art with me, Thy rod and thy stick

Comfort me like a bed-warming brick.

You send me food when I'm surrounded by foes,

Along with some soap and store-bought new clothes.

I'll have goodness and mercy all of my life.

And end up in heaven along with my wife.

Feed Your Ears.

Starve your wallet.

And "ears" how. No one offers friendly service and fast delivery. We do. With us, you don't have to pay commission to a pushy salesman. Others advertise specific equipment at a good price with no intention of selling the "bargain." We Don't. If we advertise it, we have it. And that's a guarantee.

Huge discounts on brand name stereo components

If you want to save while you buy name brand components, and you demand a no B.S. approach: write or call for our information packet. After all, who says Audiophile components have to be expensive?

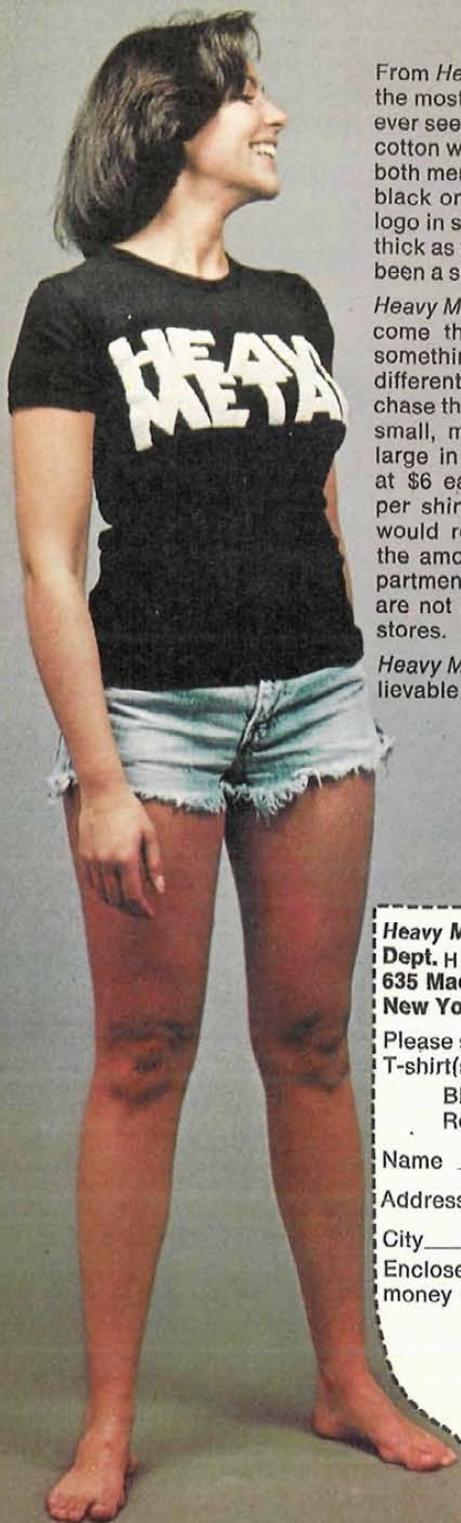


ADVENT

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(215) 544-1465

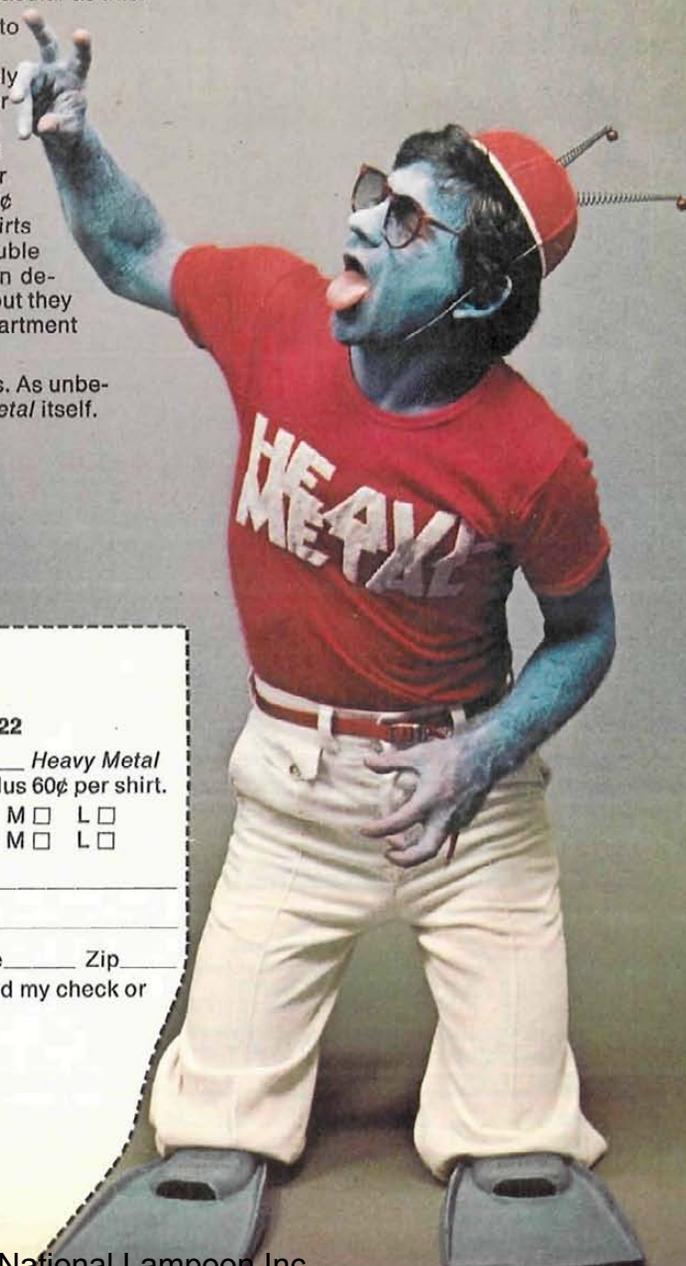
The most incredible T-shirts in this galaxy.



From *Heavy Metal*, naturally, come the most beautiful T-shirts you will ever see or wear. They are fine 100% cotton with French-cut sleeves for both men and women. They come in black or red with the *Heavy Metal* logo in silver metal that's flocked as thick as your finger. There's never been a shirt as spectacular as this.

Heavy Metal figured to come through with something completely different. You can purchase these shirts in small, medium, and large in either color at \$6 each plus 60¢ per shirt. These shirts would retail for double the amount if sold in department stores... but they are not sold in department stores.

Heavy Metal T-shirts. As unbelievable as *Heavy Metal* itself.



Heavy Metal
Dept. HM1177
635 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me _____ *Heavy Metal*
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Rebel Rouser™ a soft nipped latex ring designed to stimulate her to greater heights of sexual excitement. Rebel Rouser fits snugly over the male organ and assists in maintaining a strong, longer-lasting erection. Enjoy greater lovemaking pleasure with Rebel Rouser! Sale priced at 3 for \$3, or 6 for \$4.95. Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund. Send to: Adam and Eve, Dept. DNLX-5, 403 Jones Ferry Rd., P.O. Box 400, Carrboro, N.C. 27510



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"THAT'S NOT FUNNY, THAT'S SICK!"

A musical concert...

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HOW MY WIFE AND I TEAMED UP TO BECOME MILLIONAIRES IN FIVE YEARS

WITH AN EIGHTH GRADE EDUCATION AND \$500.00 BORROWED MONEY, I RETIRED IN LESS THAN FIVE YEARS WITH A WEALTH OF OVER A MILLION DOLLARS.

In my system that I'll send you on certain good deals that you bring me. I'll be your partner, guide you and offer financial assistance. For instance, some of you may be short of capital to undertake that big deal. I'll come in with you. Yes, I'll use my own money and financial backing to help you handle that really good deal using my system, if the deal is right. We can then be assured of a profit. I intend to operate on a nationwide basis, so location will not be a problem. I'll be interested in considering real estate throughout the country.

HOW DID WE START - IT WAS EASY.

I am quite certain that with my education and background I am not smarter than you and yet it was so easy. In fact I couldn't believe how easy it was. Let me start at the beginning of our success story.

In 1967 at the age of 38 on two hundred dollars per week selling appliances. I was struggling to provide for a family of six. Just trying to pay the bills and surviving was a struggle. Needless to say I was heavily in debt.

WE DISCOVERED OUR METHOD

We found our key to success and security in the real estate business - a system that my wife Dianne and I perfected. After using this method for six months, Dianne, working alone, had earned more than \$68,000. It was then that I left my appliance sales job and joined Dianne. We worked fulltime to develop our new career in real estate. We knew that this newfound success would work time and time again.

WERE WE SUCCESSFUL - YES

After applying our method, in only five years time we were able to semi-retire. By 1972, we had a cash flow of over \$100,000 a year from our successful system. We bought a beautiful new home in a prestigious suburb of Houston that's close to our 345-acre ranch where we raise registered cattle and quarter-horses.

We also found that we could operate our business venture in our spare time, without a real estate license, and in our home.

TWO OF OUR DEALS

Here are two examples of how well our system worked for us:

In 1968, using the same method, we put up a \$1,000 deposit on a real estate investment. We had 120 days to finalize the transaction. In only 45 days, we sold it, earning a profit of \$98,000. We had made 98 times the \$1,000 we had initially invested in earnest money.

In 1972, using the same system, we put up a \$5,000 deposit on an investment opportunity. We sold our contract almost immediately for \$380,000 profit, with a capital gain. (We have the closing statements to back our figures.)

OUR METHOD IS SIMPLE

It can be used by anyone, anywhere, whether you are single or married. Our system is real, it is workable, and it will work for you. What is our system? It is a unique discovery of how to buy real estate properties below wholesale, income property, raw land, subdivisions, acreage, home sites, or that week-end retreat. Yes, I can show and direct you how to locate the type of real estate properties that you are interested in buying. Buy with as little as \$100 down, and at bargain prices so that you can immediately turn the purchase into ready cash. Sounds too good to be true. I guarantee that you or anyone following our system can make a financial success. Maybe you won't make a million dollars, but you can certainly improve your financial condition. Double or even triple it, in a matter of only a few short months.

NATIONWIDE SYSTEM

Our method is now nationwide. We are getting letters, telephone calls daily. A California man wrote, "Jim, I bought 15-16 different books on how to make money, as far as I am concerned the author is the only one that made money. Your method is great. It is simple. It is working for my wife and I. You may use our name in your ad if you so desire."

As our success grew from word of mouth to a front page editorial on the business section of the Houston Post, I was besieged by friends who wanted to know how they could duplicate my success.

I directed a doctor friend and his group on two sales using our system. Their gross profit was \$20,000 on the first transaction and over \$100,000 on the second. Their total money investment was under \$2,500.00 for both transactions!

YOU AND I BOTH WILL PROFIT

You are probably asking why I am willing to share my secret of success with you. It is physically impossible for any person to investigate and follow up on all of the land opportunities and investments which I describe in my book. *These opportunities exist in every town, city, county and state in America.* The fact is that I have found a method which assures success. You can become my partner by following this system. The end result: we both profit and make money.

REFERENCES

I am an active member of the Rosenberg-Richmond Chamber of Commerce, the Houston Chamber of Commerce, and a respected member of my business community.

If you prefer, send a check post-dated for 30 days, this will completely eliminate any risk on your part. I want you to consider my method and see how it will work for you.

30 DAY FREE TRIAL

JIM STEPHENSON 204 SOUTH 3RD - RICHMOND, TEXAS 77469

Jim, I am sending you \$10.00 for your system with no risk on my part. If your system does not prove to be a moneymaker like you say, then I'll send it back to you within 30 days. There will be no obligation on my part, and you will give me a complete refund of \$10.00. (Allow approximately 2 to 3 weeks for delivery.) If you have any questions call me at 713/342-6928.

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YOUR FINANCIAL SECURITY

By using my method you will be surprised how easy it is to make money, and be financially secure.

Here are a few things that my system will tell you.

1. Buy income property at half price.
2. Buy land or acreage at fifty cents on the dollar.
3. Begin without cash.
4. How to sell your earnest money contract.
5. Be self employed and your own boss in six months or less.
6. Immediate capital gain.
7. I'll be your partner.

When you send a check for \$10.00 you will receive our entire system. I guarantee that you will be completely satisfied. If for any reason you should change your mind, let me know and I will send back your \$10.00. No questions, no hassle - just the refund.

As you use our system, your wealth and ability will grow. But you may want or need additional advice on some of your business deals and propositions.

Whenever you need me, contact me by phone or by letter to find out more about this service.

Do it now. A successful and secure future is ahead of you.



**You know how to make every day special.
You're a white rum drinker.**



White rum and soda

You never settled for the status quo. Or the obvious.

You were always into something different and better.

You went to white rum when most people were strictly gin or vodka types. Your own special drink became white rum and soda — ultra smooth and sparkling.

Before you knew what was happening, lots of people were enjoying white rum. With tonic, soda, orange juice, or on the rocks.

White rum gave you a noticeably better, smoother taste than gin or vodka. Understandably. All white rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at least one full year. (Gin is not aged a single day. Neither is vodka.)

Yes, today more and more people are asking for white rum. Because today more and more people want things special.

Like you.

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For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL-2, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019. ©1977 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

Now you can drive the sound that drives your parents wild. Introducing Component Systems.™



Panasonic. The name you listen to in home hi-fi components now makes hi-fi components you can listen to in your car. Introducing Panasonic Component Systems. Hi-fi component performance. Hi-fi component styling.

Start with the Panasonic CX-1100 8-track tape player. It features a two-stage pre-amp and dual channel amplifier. Vertical head movement for precision tape performance. And separate continuous tone controls for each channel.

Or choose one of our component cassette systems: The Repeatrack CX-5100 has automatic playback once the rewind is complete. The Auto Reverse CX-7100 automatically plays the other side of the tape when it ends. They both feature individual tone controls. Fast forward/rewind/eject functions on one convenient control. And big power amplifiers.

Add our AM/FM stereo tuner, the CA-9500. It's

designed like a hi-fi tuner should be with a linear dial scale for greater selectivity. A distant/local switch. AFC. And it has an AM/FM/FM auto switch for FM mono reception—important in weak signal areas.

To make our powerful decks and tuner sound monstrous, there's our Power Booster, model CJ-3510. 10 watts per channel. Minimum RMS into 4 ohms at 400Hz with no more than 1.0% total harmonic distortion. And separate bass and treble tone controls.

With all this power, you'll want speakers that pack real punch. Like Sound Pumps™ with our high-frequency equalizer. And Concert Sound, our all-new, high-compliance coaxial speakers.

Panasonic Component Systems. They might just turn your car into your favorite listening room.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.